

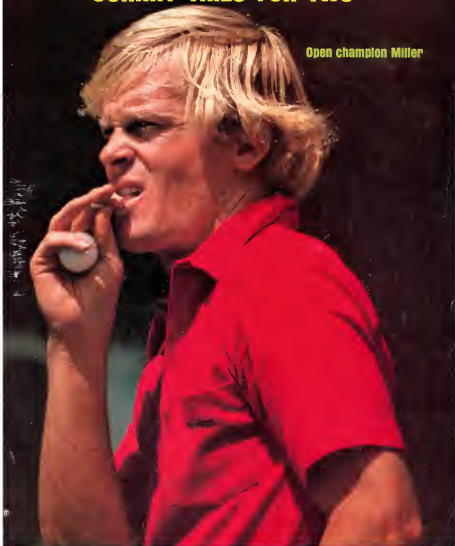
Sports Illustrated

JUNE 10, 1974

60 CENTS

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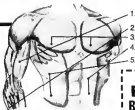
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Contents

JUNE 10, 1974 Volume 40, No. 23

Cover photograph by Eric Scherklund

20 The Jays Take It Back

Lacrosse is the game Johna Hopkins feels it owns, a spirit that sustained the Blue Jays against Maryland

24 Oops, Here Comes Philly Again

Hockey's champs are not the only flyers in that once deprived city. Baseball's Phillies are winners, too

26 Mixing Satin and Steel

Seeking a 1974 national champion, the best of the U.S. women gymnasts assembled in Illinois for a showdown

28 A Man Who Hardly Left a Mark

Few would have heard of the druggist had he not taken the wrong turn in a Baja motorcycle race

36 Traps in an Open Field

A review of some classic U.S. Open collapses, plus a look at the man who last year did just the reverse

42 On, Brave Old Army Team

After a 0-10 football season, there was little at West Point for generals to cheer—and a boxer came along

52 The Delirium of Cup Fever

Though they should be immune to the America's Cup lure by now, the bold Australians are expensively back

86 427: A Case in Point

Violations of NCAA rules proved the ruin of sport at Long Beach State. A study of men and their machinations

The departments

15 Scorecard	76 Soccer
64 TV/Radio	83 Bridge
69 Baseball	103 For the Record
74 Fishing	104 19th Hole

20

24

26

28

36

52

86

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 545 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James K. Shapley, President; Clifford J. Grubb, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized to second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$14.00 a year, ordinary postage anywhere in the world \$18.00 a year, all others \$20.00 a year.

Credits on page 103

Next week

RELIEVE IT OR NOT, the removal of the Belmont could produce the horse of the year in a year without a Secretariat. Whitney Tower reports on the most significant race of 1974.

COLLEGE TRACK moves to a climax in the NCAA championships at Austin, where the eyes of Texas will be on defending team champion UCLA and on miler Tony Waldrop.

REGGIE JACKSON, particular star of the champion Oakland A's, is batting nearly .400 in the ball park and taking a lusty swing at life, as well. A candid portrait by Roy Blount Jr.



BOOKTALK

Everything you always wanted to know about the Kentucky Derby, from Aristides to Zee

The 100th running of the Kentucky Derby is history now, but the centennial will not fade into thin air with the last strides of *My Old Kentucky Home*. Two handsome new books, gift-sized and giftproofed, keep alive the high and low moments of the Derby's first century, and if neither has the flavor of a tall, solid stout juke, each has plenty to recommend it.

The more impressive and authoritative is *The Kentucky Derby: The First 100 Years*, by Peter Chew (Houghton Mifflin, \$15). The other, somewhat skimpier but attractive all the same, is *Race for the Roses: 100 Years at the Kentucky Derby*, by Jim Bolos (Harcourt, \$14.95). Both are loaded with pictures, commentary and statistics.

Inescapably, they cover the same ground, chronicling the Derby year by year from the victory in 1875 of a "compact little golden-red chestnut" named Aristides to the thundering triumph in 1973 of Secretariat, the horse that became a TV star. Told by other writer, it is a fascinating tale, with a number of lustrous moments that survive in American legend.

If anything, the chronicle may be of more interest to those of us with only a casual interest in racing than to true aficionados, who presumably know it all by heart. How many of the former are aware, for example, that Man o' War was held out of the 1920 Derby because, as Bolos puts it, "his owner, Sam Riddle, thought the race was held too early in the year to ask a 3-year-old to haul 126 pounds over a mile and a quarter"? On that, as Chew claims, "Horsemen agree there is no more difficult race to get ready for than the Kentucky Derby" (same reason: they think May is too early.)

Such provocative tidbits aside, both books trace the Derby from the founding of the Louisville Jockey Club in 1874 through the lean early times to the great triumphs and surprises of recent years. And the disappointments, too, of which the most poignant was the performance of Silky Sullivan in 1958. The gritty little horse had won millions of admirers with his exhilarating come-from-behind stretch runs, but he turned into the stretch at Churchill Downs—and finished 12th in a field of 14.

So pick your book. Either will give you a happy dose of Derby nostalgia, though the edge must go to Chew. His text is considerably more thorough, especially on the early history, and his statistical appendix is far more comprehensive. On the other hand, Bolos writes in a pleasantly breezy way and captures the devil-may-care atmosphere of Derby Week with some nice vignettes. It is fair to say that you will not go far wrong with either book.

—JONATHAN YARDLEY



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—John Okerion, Amble Production, Standard Oil Company (Indiana)

Back when oil was easy to come by, we'd drill a well and produce it until the oil would no longer flow into the well.

Then we'd say the well was dry, even though we knew there was still oil down there. You see, for all purposes it was dry. Back then we had to rely on natural well pressure to force the oil into the well. And when that natural pressure ran out, we had to move on. That was the end of what we call primary recovery.

Today, we're going back to the old dry wells with new methods. And we're getting out more oil than we did the first time.

One new method we're using is called secondary recovery by water-flooding. And one of the places we're using it is in the old oil fields of West Texas.

What we do is take an old well and surround it with water injection wells in what we call a 5-spot pattern. (If you were to look at the

pattern from high above, it would look like the 5 on dice or dominos.)

The pressure caused by putting water into the injection wells pushes the oil right into the old producing well. And we pump it out, remove the water to inject again and pipe the oil to our refineries.

But as productive as water-flooding is, it can only produce enough pressure to push out about 25% more of the oil remaining in the pay zone.

Another method is needed to push harder and more efficiently to get more oil to the old producing well.

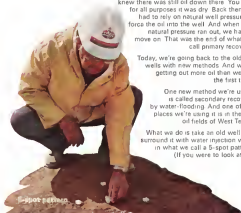
We are developing such a method in West Texas right now. It's called tertiary recovery by gas-injection. And it could triple the amount of oil we normally get from a field.

You know, the time and money Standard Oil of Indiana spends on recovery methods means we can depend more on our country, and less on others.

And that's good for everybody.



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Anyway, you should've seen him getting to those bass. And he got one.

A 6-lb. beaut! It made our heart feel good. But it didn't help our pride one bit.

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Can you pass this quiz on personal money management?

The better you score, the more good things in life you and your family can enjoy on your present income

1. Is the interest on Series E bonds taxable annually?
2. If a 20-year mortgage loan of \$20,000 takes a total of \$34,000 to repay, how much would a 30-year mortgage take?
3. If you rent your vacation cottage part of the time, how much of the expenses can you deduct?
4. How can you pay your life insurance premiums quarterly and still enjoy the low annual rate?
5. Could you set up a reversionary trust and use the largely tax-free income from it to finance your child's college education?
6. When is a loss on sale of stocks not tax deductible?
7. What are the "30 Unallowables" which the IRS now automatically rejects as deductions on your income tax?
8. Where should you keep your copy of your will?
9. What are the 3 basic ways to buy mutual funds?
10. How can you avoid double taxation of real estate profits without the headaches of sole ownership?
11. In life insurance, what is the difference between a family income policy, a family maintenance policy, and a family plan policy?
12. What are the 18 things to look for in a promising growth stock?

A business that is run the way many people run their personal finances probably would go bankrupt in six months.

If you earn an average of \$15,000 a year between the ages of 25 and 65, that gives you a lifetime working capital before taxes of \$600,000. If you average \$25,000, your lifetime capital will be one million dollars.

Many people in these income brackets let much of their money slip through their fingers without adequate professional advice on its management. And they end up, usually, with little more than a modest retirement nest egg (if that) to show for it. But the possibilities of what you could do with just a tiny fraction of your lifetime earnings are staggering to contemplate.

Just one per cent of a million dollars, if invested at the age of 30 at 15% and compounded annually, would grow to a total

of \$1,331,800 before taxes by the time you were 65 years old.

For those who don't have such a lump sum available for investment, roughly the same result could be achieved by saving and investing about \$80 a month at the same compounded yield.

And the 15% annual appreciation is distinctly possible through well-planned investment in real estate or common stocks over the long haul.

Facts like these underscore the importance of sound, knowledgeable management of your financial affairs. This is why we have presented the little quiz on personal money management at the top of this page. It is designed to test your knowledge of the financial facts and skills you need to make the most of the money that you earn.

If you can answer most of these questions quickly and confidently, then you

seem well prepared to get what you want out of life—a comfortable house, vacation travel, college education for your youngsters, worry-free retirement, and an estate for your heirs.

But if questions like these "floor" you, then you should be interested in the answers you will find in the new **MONEY MANAGEMENT LIBRARY** from **Books by U.S. News & World Report**. The Library provides the practical expert information you need to make the most of your lifetime earnings.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

VIRTUE REWARDED

Quadrennially the Jeremiahs of our society take a frightened look at the Olympics ahead and pronounce, "We're going to lose." The reasons why the United States is going to lose this time in track and field are the foreigners in our midst. They are all over the landscape receiving expert American training, and to hear some college coaches tell it, if we do not cut out this frivolous neighborliness soon we are going to feel as betrayed as the Trojans.

It is a mean view that denies the beauties of competition and the satisfactions of brotherhood—which sport is supposed to be all about—and as usual it is probably wrong. Never has the U.S. possessed so broad and deep a reservoir of track-and-field talent as it does today. As three good examples, take the qualifying standards for the 86th annual National AAU meet in Los Angeles on June 21-22. With three weeks to go, 60 sprinters had already run 9.4 in the 100-yard dash, the minimum requirement for the 100 meters (all AAU distances are in meters). It takes a 4-03 mile or better to get into the 1,500 meters, 51 Americans qualify. And if you cannot high-jump at least 6'11", you have no chance to compete against the 77 who have. Performances for other events match these. Even if pro track siphons off the best of these athletes, there will be plenty in reserve to assure the kind of runoff with medals in 1976 that this country so often has enjoyed in the past.

IN MEMORIAM

Sentiment is running high at Iowa State to name the new stadium for an ex-football player and not, as ordinarily happens, after the hottest contributor. The player, Jack Trice, was no All-America. Except for one game—the only game he ever played for the Cyclones—he was not even a starter.

That was 50 years ago. In the noiseless footsteps of time since then, memory of Trice on the Ames campus had

all but vanished. One day last year English teacher Alan Beals became curious about a plaque attached to the Old State gym. Under a coat of dust and bird droppings was a tribute to Trice. Beals assigned some students to find out why.

Jack Trice, they learned, was a sophomore in 1923. He was married, majored in animal husbandry with a 90 average and played football. He also was black. Because of that, he was kept out of the first two games of the season, but the team and coaches rallied behind him and he started against Minnesota at Minneapolis.

Ahead 14-10 in the third quarter, Minnesota ran a cross buck and the Iowa State defensive line crumbled. Trice rushed in to close the gap. He stopped the play but fell on his back, and three charging Minnesota players ran over him. As he was carried from the field Minnesota fans rose and chanted, "We're sorry, Ames, we're sorry."

Trice returned to Ames lying on a bed of straw in a Pullman railroad car. He was taken immediately to the college hospital, but two days later he died of hemorrhaging lungs and internal bleeding.

The day Trice was buried friends found in his jacket pocket a note that he had written to himself in a Minneapolis hotel room on the eve of the game. Headed "My thoughts just before the first real college game of my life," it read: "The honor of my race, family and self is at stake. Everyone is expecting me to do big things. I will. My whole body and soul are to be thrown recklessly about the field. Every time the ball is snapped, I will be trying to do more than my part."

FAKE

The morning after he had run a record-setting 3:56.6 mile at Madison Square Garden, Kenyan Ben Jipcho walked into the Fifth Avenue office of British Airways to confirm his flight to Nairobi that evening. A woman behind the counter overheard the discussion of his destination and noticed his warmup jacket. She

asked diffidently in an ever-so-British accent, "Were you at Madison Square Garden last night?"

"Yes," replied Jipcho, who for all his soft-spoken modesty enjoys being recognized.

"Did you run in the mile?"

"Yes," Jipcho smiled encouragingly.

"Are you . . . Kip Keeno?"

"No," said Jipcho evenly, registering no disappointment at being mistaken yet again for his more famous countryman. "Do you know any other names?"

FIDOANALYSIS

The symptoms were odd, and they had Dr. Albert Bromberg of Springfield, N.J. worried. But let him tell the story.

"Our skiing vacation was cut short by a left knee injury that left my wife Adrienne with a pronounced limp. Several weeks after her accident I twisted my right knee during a workout at karate school and limped even worse than Adrienne did. It was a few days after this that I began to notice that our hound dog,



Oliver, was limping, too. He seemed to be having difficulty with his left hind leg. The condition worsened, and his right hind leg appeared weakened, too, making his limp more pronounced. I examined Oliver carefully but could not determine a cause for the affliction. Peculiarly, he was able to romp and play with the children as vigorously as ever. He limped only when Adrienne and I were present.

"I became quite concerned and consulted with dog handlers and veterinarians. A variety of diagnoses were offered,

continued

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That doesn't happen with a hard-cover or solid ball. It simply pops off the clubface. It hasn't achieved the spin necessary for maximum control or distance.

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ranging from something fatal to no illness at all. I had Oliver thoroughly examined by our vet. He took X rays of his hips, etc. and enough blood tests to satisfy Dracula. He could find nothing. However, the next day Oliver's symptoms were gone, and have not returned.

"How is this to be explained? Well, I should have known; my specialty is psychiatry. Right under my own couch Oliver had developed a hysterical limp."

SAD SET

When the French Lawn Tennis Federation harried Evonne Goolagong and Jimmy Connors from this June's French Open because of their affiliation with World Team Tennis, Federation spokesman Stanislas d'Ottone insisted, "This is not a question of persons, but of principle. . . . We are making our stand for the best traditions of tennis."

The principle, in part, is money. The WTT has enticed many of the world's name players into its lucrative U.S. summer league and away from the European circuit. It is regrettable that the WTT and the Europeans have not worked out a satisfactory accommodation. Goolagong and Connors, who won the Australian Open titles on the grass courts of Kooyong in January, will now miss a chance at the grand slam of tennis—Australia, France, Wimbledon and Forest Hills. Only four players have ever slammed: Don Budge in 1938, Rod Laver in 1962 and 1969, Maureen Connolly in 1953 and Margaret Court in 1970. By their action the French are depriving the game of the interest that grows as a slam appears possible, as well as denying two fine players their chance at a title.

OPEN DOOR POLICY

In years past the sanctity of the pro-football clubhouse was guarded tenaciously. There were no leaks. But, as almost everywhere else, the old barriers are breaking down. Now the Houston Texans of the new World Football League say there are not only going to be leaks from their clubhouse, they are throwing open the gates, Texas style.

The gate swarmer is Jim Garrett, head coach and a former functionary with the NFL's Giants and Cowboys, who feels coaches have been too secretive about their operations. "I think the biggest mistake the NFL makes is pushing its fans out of the way," he says. "They expect a guy to come out to the game, and then

go home. That's where it ends. He seldom gets to watch practice, see the facilities or meet the players."

Garrett plans to open the Texans' practice sessions to the public, with 10 minutes set aside at the end for spectators to mingle with the players. Groups will be permitted to tour the locker room, even on game day, and the halftime period will, on occasion, be open to a few people on a first-come basis.

No, Garrett is not afraid of scouts from rival teams. "I don't worry about scouts. We'll do the things we do best, and I don't care who knows it. We don't have any secrets. We are going to win with enthusiasm, not trickery."

A policy, we hope, that will last beyond the first loss.

PSBT

So much for secret drafts. The National Hockey League's elaborate plans to hide its selections from the rival WHA (SCORECARD, May 27) never got into the closet. Said Brian O'Neill, NHL executive director, "It's incredible. We were reading names in the newspaper and hearing them on radio while we were still drafting. It could only come from inside." Surprise.

PHANTASTIC

Long-suffering Philly? The rest of the country should have such troubles. As May passed into June, the City of Brotherly Brawlers had a lot more to flip over than the National Hockey League champion Flyers. The Atoms led the North American Soccer League, the Freedoms led World Team Tennis, the Phillies were in a virtual tie in the National League East (page 24) and the Wings were in first place in the National Lacrosse League. Eat your heart out, America.

HOOP HOOPLA

There are few sounds in sport more pitiable than the plaint of an Atlantic Coast Conference basketball coach whose team has just finished first in the league. To make the NCAA playoffs he must still win out over the six other schools in a post-tournament, the only sense for which is dollars and cents. Cheapening regular-season league competition as it does, the format would hardly seem the very model of a modern major program, but last September the Eastern College Athletic Conference announced it would adopt it (SCORECARD, Oct. 1). Now two

more conferences seem on the verge of following suit.

The Big Eight has a committee working on a plan to replace its own meaningless Christmas holiday tournament in Kansas City with an ACC-style postseason ender. The KC affair was not consistently drawing capacity crowds, and it was no help to recruiters trying to persuade prospects that four December days in Kansas City were somehow as alluring as the same time spent on the beach in Hawaii or on Bourbon Street in New Orleans. If the presidents of the 10 Southeastern Conference universities agree, the SEC will go the same route as the Big Eight. Last week its coaches and athletic directors approved the idea beginning with the 1975-76 season.

The expectation is to stir more excitement and, hopefully, attract more full houses, but that may turn out to be easier said than it is done in the ACC. North Carolina, NC State and Duke are within 25 miles of one another, and the rest of the schools in the geographically compact ACC are not very much farther away from Greensboro, N.C., where the tournament is held. But consider the distances team followers would have to travel in the Southeast or Midwest tournaments. The golden egg might hatch a goose.

THEY SAID IT

• Gene Mauch, Montreal Expos manager, on Houston's Cesar Cedeño: "The nice thing about Cedeño is that he can play all three outfield positions—at the same time."

• Phil Woosnam, commissioner of the North American Soccer League, discounting fears that Americans find the game bewildering: "The rules are very simple. Basically, it's this: if it moves, kick it; if it doesn't move, kick it until it does."

• Bill Walton, asked about his knee operation described by doctors as minor surgery: "It's always minor when it's on someone else."

• Vice President Gerald Ford, on women playing football: "I have reservations about whether we ought to have women linemen. There are areas where head-to-head competition is not in the best interest of all concerned."

• Jack Nicklaus, on why he sees a golf ball so high: "Through years of experience I have found that air offers less resistance than dirt."

END



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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 10, 1974

THE JAYS TAKE



A Maryland stick in his face, Hopkins midfielder Kowalski manages to get off a shot on goal.

IT BACK

Johns Hopkins won't beat you at most games. But lacrosse is the one they're sure they own, and with that spirit they went out to regain supremacy

by **JOE MARSHALL**

Until four years ago the national lacrosse champion was chosen by a simple vote of the coaches. Under that system Johns Hopkins—a Baltimore institution with an enrollment of 2,000 and a medical school with an imposing reputation—had established, by its own modest admission, a lacrosse dominance “akin to that enjoyed by UCLA in basketball, Notre Dame in football and Indiana in swimming.” Hopkins did not just play lacrosse; it *was* lacrosse.

But in 1971 the NCAA came up with an eight-team elimination tournament to determine who was No. 1, and it was bye-bye Blue Jays. First Cornell, then Virginia, and then longtime rival Maryland won the title. Hopkins came close but never quite made it.

Prospects in Baltimore looked only so-so this year, too, as the Blue Jays dropped their opener to Virginia and later another game to Navy. Still, they qualified for the tournament, and there Washington and Leo almost bounced them out in the semifinals. The Blue Jays had to rally from 10-7 in the fourth quarter to beat the Generals 11-10. Finally, last Saturday, before 11,500 fans and one streaker in Rutgers University Stadium, the whole lacrosse picture fell back into what Hopkins considers proper perspective. With a lot of hustle and scrap, some sharp shooting and a few psycholog-

continued



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN JACOBO

One more score against Maryland is signaled in a game almost totally dominated by Hopkins

THE JAYS continued

ical advantages, Johns Hopkins finally brought the NCAA lacrosse championship home by thrashing the University of Maryland 17-12.

No one relished the victory more than Bob Scott, Hopkins coach for 20 years. Scott had won almost 75% of his games and six national championships in that span and was three times Coach of the Year. He is a quiet operator, preferring the old-club atmosphere of lacrosse to any sort of fanfare. "A nice, dedicated, hardworking, intense guy," said one Baltimore observer of Scott, "but he'll never say anything controversial." The only prize missing in Scott's list of achievements was a title won under the new tournament system. When he announced this spring that he would retire at the end of the season to devote full time to his duties as athletic director, DO IT FOR SCOTT! buttons began popping up all over the Hopkins campus. On the night before his players did it for him, Henry Ciccarone, who will take over the Blue Jays next year, tried to explain Scott's accomplishments. Ciccarone was an All-America midfielder at Hopkins in the early '60s, and this season, in a nice academic touch, he has borne the title of associate lacrosse coach to distinguish him from the four assistant coaches. "Besides being the most knowledgeable lacrosse man around," he said, "Bob's success stems from his ability to work with people. He has tremendous feelings for his players. Everyone here is almost like his own son. I think he's the most respected coach in the game. He's won titles with teams he shouldn't have won with."

Last Saturday, Maryland was favored to repeat as champion even though it had lost to Hopkins in the final game of the season, 17-13, the Terrapins' only regular-season defeat in two years. From last season's powerful team Maryland had lost seven All-Americans. But Bud Beardmore, Maryland's coach, insisted before the championship that "this team is just as good as last year's. You don't have winning seasons because you have All-Americans. Winning seasons make All-Americans." And though they performed sluggishly on occasion, the Terps proved often enough that they still had plenty of firepower. At midseason they demolished Virginia, then ranked No. 2, 25-13, after having built up an astonishing halftime lead of 17-6. In this year's semifinals they tied a tournament record for most goals while obliterating Cornell 19-10.

Beardmore has coached at Maryland five years, but only his last two teams have truly carried his stamp. They have been fastbreaking, aggressive and deep with midfielders who can run opponents into the ground and score like attackmen. The best of these is sophomore Frank Urso, who last year became the first freshman in 25 years to gain first team All-American honors. "If Urso continues to work," says Beardmore, "he has the potential, I would think, to be the best lacrosse player ever, although I don't want to insult oldtimers I never saw." This year Urso scored 40 goals to break Beardmore's own 1962 Maryland midfielder record of 34.

Going into the rematch with Hopkins,

Maryland seemed supremely confident. Most of the Terrapins discounted the earlier loss to the Blue Jays because, they said, the game had been meaningless, both teams having already qualified for the tournament. Urso, for one, seemed less upset by that loss than by the fact that Maryland had managed to beat Hopkins by only one goal in the tournament final the year before. "We feel we're much better than they are," he said. "We're so much better than a 10-9 game. People who just read the papers think we were two even teams. We don't like to hear that. We don't think there's a team that's close to us when we play our best. If we play our game like we did against Cornell, we should win by between seven and 10."

As he had before the wild rout of Cornell, Beardmore gave his team their freedom from Saturday until Wednesday. "I think they would rather be at the beach anyhow," he said publicly. Privately, he had some reservations. "They've had too much lacrosse," he said. "I don't want to belittle the NCAA, but the tournament goes on too long. The boys are losing \$500 to \$600 to play in this, because they can't get summer jobs." (Urso, for example, had his last exam at the end of April and had to wait a month to play his last game of lacrosse.) But Beardmore pooh-poohed the idea of having to get his team mentally ready. "If you have to get your men up for a championship, you don't have the right type of men," he said. Nevertheless, he carefully placed the 1973 NCAA trophy out in the middle of the locker room in College Park, where he could be sure no one would mess it.

Over in Baltimore there was no trophy, but no shortage of motivation, either. Lacrosse takes a back seat to nothing at Hopkins. The team's high scorer, Attackman Jack Thomas, also quarterbacked the school's football team, and this year ranked 10th in total yardage in NCAA Division III. But his friends claim Thomas plays football mainly to stay in shape for lacrosse. At Hopkins the lacrosse players are the campus jocks. All week Coach Scott kept insisting, "This game has no special significance. I'm not all fired up to win just because it's my last game coaching." But Thomas saw things differently. "You can see he wants it a little bit more than all the rest," he said. "Mr. Scott would never admit it, but you can see just a little bit more attention on his part." "Mr. Scott" is the way

Hopkins players refer to their coach.

The low mark of Scott's coaching career came in 1971, the first year of the tournament, when Hopkins finished 3-7. But that year's freshmen won all 16 of their games. As sophomores they reached the NCAA finals only to be upset by Virginia 13-12. As juniors they reached the finals again, and again lost by one goal, this time in double overtime, 10-9 to Maryland. The 11 seniors who remained needed no encouragement to stay around campus over Memorial Day, practicing. Bill Nolan, a 155-pound midfielder who spent last fall catching Jack Thomas's passes, said, "We'd like to win one for a change of pace."

Scott thought that to beat Maryland his team would "have to have a real good day in the goal, have our share of face-offs and ground balls to minimize their fast-breaking and," he added, "a little bit of luck." Hopkins worked hard in the luck department. Thomas put on the same light-tan summer pants he had worn to games for three years. Defenseman Mike Siegart had his knuckles taped just so. Nolan promised he would wear his practice jersey with the nickname "Gnat" on it, "even though it smells terrible," and insisted, "I have to put on my left shoe before my right one, or something goes wrong."

Even Mr. Scott got into the act. He couldn't help noticing, he said, that when Hopkins lost its two games it was wearing its light-blue jerseys. Maryland, the No. 1 seed, won the toss to be the home team and wear the home-team color, which in lacrosse is white. Alas, that would put Hopkins in light blue again and, what was worse, the Terrapins would not be in the red they wore when they lost to Hopkins. What Scott forgot was that in the NCAA final the home team can choose its color. Late in the week Beardmore chose to wear red. Hopkins would wear white. There was a greater contrast, Beardmore pointed out, between red and white than between white and light blue. Well, imagine that, said Bob Scott.

There must have been some magic in those white jerseys, for as soon as they put them on, the Blue Jays began to act like national champions. True, Maryland grabbed a 2-0 lead but only because its freshman goalie, Jake Reed, was able to stop several point-blank shots by the Blue Jays. Then, midway through the first quarter the Terrapins drew two pen-

alties. Hopkins scored twice on extra-man goals and took control of the game. By the middle of the second quarter a throttling defense, excellent clearing by freshman Goalie Kevin Mahon, and crisp passing had opened a 9-3 lead for the Blue Jays. It was 10-4 at the half, and by late in the third quarter Hopkins was up 14-6, the largest margin ever in an NCAA final.

Lacrosse games are won and lost in the 40 yards in the middle of the field, in the area between the two restraining lines. The face-offs, which start play at the beginning of each quarter and after each goal, take place right at midfield and here, as in their previous game, Hopkins' strategy was to neutralize Maryland's supposedly invincible Doug Radebaugh by having its face-off man, freshman Bob Maimone, clamp the ball to the ground and wait for help from his midfielders on the wings. More important, the area between the restraining lines is the scene of most struggles for ground balls, the loose balls of lacrosse. Coming up with them is as much a matter of desire as skill. "Ground balls are the mental aspect of the game," Beardmore had said at midweek. On Saturday he must have been having second thoughts about how much psyching his team needed. Hopkins out-hustled, outran and outscraped the Terrapins so badly that in the second quarter the Blue Jays managed to get off 22 shots to Maryland's seven, though the Terrapins had been outshot in only one game all season. Furthermore, Hopkins was shooting more accurately: 27 of Hopkins' 33 shots were on goal, compared to only nine of Maryland's 22.

Late in the third quarter Maryland finally made a run at the game. Two goals by Attackman Ed Mullen closed the gap to 14-8, and when Hopkins' Franz Witelberger was penalized for decking Roger Tuck in the last minute of the quarter, the Terrapins seemed ready to take over. Urso quickly scored an unassisted goal, his third, in the extra-man situation and fed Dave Dempsey for another to start the last quarter. When Maryland's Kevin Boland scored unassisted 40 seconds later, the Jays led by only 14-11. The Terrapins had scored five times in less than five minutes. But there the threat ended. "A thing like what happened to Tuck always gives a little bit of adrenaline to your players," said Beardmore later. "But if you're not playing well, it only goes so far."

Less than 90 seconds after Boland's goal, Hopkins Midfielder Rick Kowalchuk, who had sparked the Blue Jays' come-from-behind rally against W & L, lazily circled the Terrapins' goal, hoping to draw a double team which would free a teammate. When he looked over his shoulder, he discovered he wasn't even drawing a very good single team. So he drove in and scored his third goal. Just over a minute after that he passed to Witelberger, who scored the fourth of his five goals, and it was all over for Maryland. Hopkins fans drowned out most of the rest of the action chanting, "We're No. 1." They also sang "Amen," presumably to mock Maryland fans who sing it in victory. Then again, perhaps it was to signify that lacrosse is indeed a religion at Johns Hopkins.

Afterward, Jack Thomas, who had scored three goals that afternoon, lounged on the grass, luxuriating in the outcome of his final college game. "Everybody knew Mr. Scott wanted it pretty bad," he said. "He's a heckuva guy to play for. We knew we were the hope after our freshman year but we never came through, not until this last one. And that makes it a little bit sweeter."

Moments later Bob Scott closed the door to a jubilant dressing room. For a while there was silence, then a burst of cheering. When the door opened again Scott stood in the middle of the room dripping wet from an impromptu shower. Mike Siegart, one of the seniors, was smiling. "You know what he said?" Siegart asked. "From now on we can call him Scottie." BRIAN



Coach Scott gets a ride after the win.



Shortstop Larry Bowa is a yes-we-can man.

OOPS, HERE COMES PHILLY AGAIN

The hockey champions are no longer the only flyers in town. That once-deprived city has begun to flip over some new winners **by RON REID**

riding out hitting slumps at the top of their division, where they resided all last week. The old dog Phillies have learned a new trick called winning.

Some credit this to a psychological spinoff from hockey—DON'T LET THE FLYERS' FEELING FADE says the town's latest bumper sticker—but for the observant the signs were there a year ago, even though the team was above .500 only twice. While the Phillies finished 11½ games out of first, with 71 wins and 91 losses, that was 26 games closer than in '72 and the smartest advance by any club in the division. Yo Yo, whose real name is Bernie Schiffrin, may have sowed the upswing even sooner. He came over from the Palestra to the Vet in 1971 and began dancing in the aisles to *Hava Nagila* whenever the Phils rallied.

With an improving team that was earning credit with the fans, Vice-President Paul Owens threw in some cash—namely, Dave Cash, 25, a second baseman who had been platooned for four seasons by the Pirates. To get him, Owens traded Pitcher Ken Brett, 13-9 in 1973. The deal originated in October, the result of approximately 10 minutes' conversation at a World Series game between Owens and Pittsburgh's Joe Brown. Owens calls it "one of the easiest trades I've ever made, since no third name ever came in to muddy the waters."

Clean it was, but controversial; Brett (who just missed a perfect game for the Pirates last week) was a proven talent, Cash less known. By now, however, Owens has been more than vindicated, for if any one player has inspired the Phils, it has been Cash.

"The reason we got him," Owens says, "is that we needed a hitter up front, at the top of the order. He's also a better fielder than people thought, but I particularly liked him because of the intangibles. He's a team leader. He'd been at Pittsburgh four years and they had won three titles. I felt that with Larry Bowa, who we think

is one of the finest fielding shortstops in baseball, Willie Montanez at first and Mike Schmidt at third, our infield would be one of the best. I just felt he was what we needed, a player who could contribute to our team right away—and for the next eight to nine years."

Cash has marvelously exceeded expectations. He has hit safely in 40 of 49 games, stroking 61 hits from the leadoff spot for a .302 average. He has struck out only 11 times in 202 at bats. That's tangible. He hasn't shortchanged Philadelphia on the intangibles, either.

"I've always thought of myself as a guy who starts something," Cash says. "You have to be that way as a leadoff hitter. When I got here, I watched everyone for a while and then I said, 'You guys don't know how damn good you are.' There are players on this team as good as any in the league, but they've never been recognized. No one pays attention when you finish in last place. In spring training they started making comparisons with other players on other clubs and they started to realize, 'Hey, I'm better than he is.' They started believing in themselves."

No one has profited more from Cash's psychological boosts than Bowa, a 28-year-old who has 57 hits and has stolen 15 bases in a row.

"Dave has been a big influence on me," affirms Bowa. "Last year I'd go 0 for 4 and that would be on my mind the next day, worrying me that I'd go 0 for 8, then 0 for 12. He pointed out that if you give 100% you have to be satisfied and forget it and just start from scratch again the next day. That's how I've tried to keep my attitude this year. My mind is more at ease."

"Bowa is a high-strung boy," Owens says, "and Cash has done more to help him than anyone. I think Cash has made Bowa a better ballplayer than Larry ever expected he could be."

"Dave is always telling me how good I am," Bowa says. "I guess I've felt I've

A few years ago in a segment of *Rocky and His Friends*, Dudley Doornight, the mountie, posed this question on television: What is a dog team? The answer was the Philadelphia Phillies.

My, how that gag has lost its bite. Redeemed from lovelorn by their hockey champions, the Flyers, those hootin', hollerin' Philadelphians want much, much more—nothing less than a divisional baseball title. And, God bless America, Kate Smith, they could get it.

The Phillies, who used to roll over and play dead by the middle of May, have been transformed into a sleek, clean-limbed contender, the pet of thousands at Veterans Stadium. Few teams can field better than this young club, additionally blessed with five starting pitchers, a dancing fan named "Yo Yo" and a talent for

been overlooked a lot of times when the All-Star Game or the Golden Glove awards rolled around. I have won one Golden Glove, but I missed on a lot of other things, and that really used to get to me. It was a case of no one noticing anyone playing in Philadelphia. But I don't feel that way now. Dave tells me I'm the best he's ever seen and I don't know if he's blowing smoke or not, but I'm starting to believe in myself."

Because of Cash the Phillies' slogan is "Yes we can," words that came, somewhat ironically, from a dog-track wager during spring training. Cash had a tip on a dog named Jiff Jones. He told Bowa. Bowa wanted in, and so did Pitchers Steve Carlton and Jim Lonborg.

Asked next day if they'd won, Cash was able to say, "Yes we did." From then on in spring training, if someone asked, "Can you hit this pitcher?" or "Can you beat this team?" the answer was always "Yes we can."

After the season opened Cash made a spectacular defensive play in St. Louis and yelled ecstatically, "Yes we can!" Bowa, slightly bewildered, said, "Who you talking to, man?" Cash replied, "Anyone who'll listen."

Evidently the Phillie pitchers heard well; they may be the division's best. Carlton, whose 27-10 record in 1972 earned him the Cy Young Award, has 69 strikeouts and a 3.00 ERA as evidence of old prowess regained. It was severely diminished last year by a case of bronchitis in spring training. Lonborg, who beat the Giants Saturday for his 100th major league victory before a boisterous home crowd, has also improved markedly.

"I took time over the winter to sit down and look at 1973," he says. "At the strong points, which weren't many, and the weak ones. Then I talked to my pitching coach, Ray Ruppelmeier, and we made three or four corrections in my delivery. Ray taught me the importance of knowing how you threw a good pitch correctly. Remembering that, I can get back in the groove when I go wrong."

Philadelphia's other starters are Dick Ruthven (44 strikeouts, 3.10 ERA) and Ron Schueler (39 strikeouts, 3.22 ERA), who soon may be joined by Wayne Twitchell, an All-Star last year. The team's most consistent pitcher in '73, Twitchell injured his right knee covering first base against the Cubs in September and did not pitch again the rest of the season. Then he tore knee cartilage in a basket-

ball game in November and had an operation the day before Thanksgiving.

"It's a good problem to have, the extra pitcher," Owens says. "Certainly it's a lot better than two years ago when we had Carlton and nothing else."

If the Phillies have a worrisome trait, it is the type of hitting they demonstrated through a five-game losing streak last week. Not a bat in the lineup would have produced a deep bruise on a cantaloupe. From Sunday to Friday the Phils went pffft against Montreal, Atlanta and San Francisco, collecting but five runs and three extra-base hits.

Manager Danny Ozark, who has a phobia about "creating monsters in a guy's mind," gave the team a day of rest on Thursday rather than heavy batting practice. "There was some ment in it," he said after Friday night's loss. "At least some guys hit the ball good, even if it was right at someone."

Rested and restless on Saturday, the Phillies exploded for 13 hits, not at someone, in a 6-2 victory sparked by Schmidt's

back-to-back homers, his ninth and 10th.

"We know we can win," Cash said afterward. "This is a mature club. You can't let a losing streak disrupt things. You're gonna have ups and downs."

Owens had tried to trade with the Cubs for Billy Williams, a veteran batter of the sort he would like for just such occasions as batting slumps and, oh yes, a stretch drive toward a pennant. Williams turned down the deal to stay in Chicago, but Owens is still dickering with other teams.

"The encouraging thing," he says, "is that now other clubs are coming to us rather than us doing all the chasing, the way we once had to. Another thing is the fans. If you give them a winner, they'll come out. If we stay in the race through September we can draw a million seven, and if we win it, we could get two and a half million in here easily."

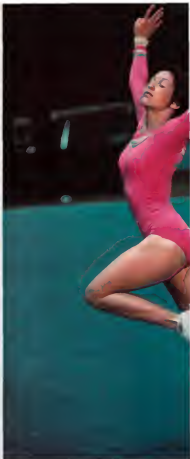
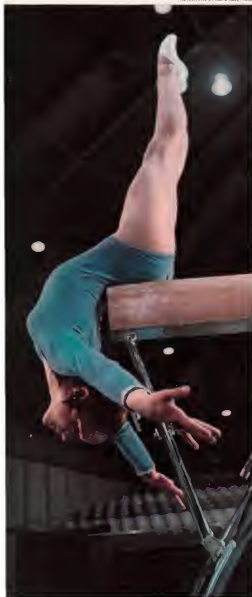
As far as Bowa is concerned, that audience is in the bag. "It's just a matter of believing," he says. "We've had a bad week but we're still right there. I think we'll be there all year."

END



Second Baseman Dave Cash, a frequent visitor to first, as here, leads off and leads others.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRI KLUTHMEIER



Kyle Geyser (left) is considered a sure bet for future stardom.

MIXING SATIN AND STEEL

Performers of sinuous precision, the top U.S. gymnasts assembled for an Illinois showdown



Kathy Howard, 15, ranks in the top nine.



Diane Dunbar, seventh a year ago, emerged from the competition as the No. 2 qualifier.

That elfin appearance is pure deception. Gymnasts are really put together with the materials left over from linebackers and bronc busters and they pack a lot more combativeness per pound. For the best of them in the U.S., last week's women's championships had a dual purpose: to line up finalists for the world meet coming in October, and to select a successor to Cathy Rigby, who turned pro after achieving most of her

goals, except, perhaps, growing to be five feet tall.

For three days 33 qualifiers fought it out at Southern Illinois University in the Elite Nationals—all that the name implies—attacking with such moves as Yamashitas, eagle catches and *tour jetés*. When the rosin dust settled, the No. 1 American was Joan Moore Rice, a 13-year veteran of the game at 19, whose queenly bearing hides nerves of iron.

Joan Moore Rice now faces world challengers.



A MAN WHO HARDLY LEFT A MARK

Fred Mundy was a druggist, a middle-aged Californian of whom few would have heard had he not turned left instead of right in a Baja motorcycle race, disappearing into the unrelenting wasteland **by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON**

Nobody in Riverside, Calif. was in better shape than Fred Mundy—or prouder of it. Mundy played football in high school and junior college. Back then he had hoped to become a doctor, but when this dream did not materialize he settled for being a druggist. He was good at it, and Mundy's Central Pharmacy made him affluent. Happily married and a devout Lutheran, he served thousands of hours as a scoutmaster and raised his son, Doug, to be an eagle scout. Always an outdoorsman, he took his family on rugged camping trips in the Mojave Desert and on fishing ventures along the shores of Baja California, that strange, somewhat sinister 800-mile peninsula flung south eons ago to create the Sea of Cortez.

Over the years Fred Mundy became a highly respected citizen. When his business prevented him from getting away, he lifted weights. He was still able at 49 to press 200 pounds. Not quite fulfilled by his job, his family life or his many civic activities, he took up motorcycle riding and racing in his late 30s. A lot of his fellow businessmen followed suit, and seven years ago members of the Riverside Realty Board decided to sponsor an annual race in Baja. Two years ago they began to call it the Baja 100, though the course was closer to 150 miles. Despite his enthusiasm for motorcycles, Mundy never participated. Then a few weeks ago Mundy and a close friend, Gene Murphy, took time out to do a little off-road desert riding. "We went out in deep sand six hours a day for three days," Murphy said last week. "That takes stamina." The experience exhilarated Mundy, and he decided to enter the next Baja 100. The race was set for Saturday, May 18 on a course that would begin and end in Ensenada but would loop up to the flanks of the mighty Sierra de Juárez, the boss of bosses of Baja's many stony, almost impassable mountain ranges. The run was expected to take five hours.

Although Mundy had never been in-

land from Baja's relatively passive shores, he arrived in Ensenada at the appointed time full of confidence and enthusiasm. "Fred didn't consider the race too great a challenge," a friend says. "He knew there had been other events in the area. Of course, Fred thought he could handle anything."

What Mundy either did not know, or did not take into serious account, was that the trails branching out from Ensenada bristle with direction markers left over from earlier races. Sometimes these markers are sprayed on rocks, but more often they are dark-green arrows on a light-green base, produced in quantity by Webco. The reverse side of these markers carries the imprint: "wrong." The arrows often are placed well ahead of a race—on the day of the Baja 100 many of the signs for the Baja 500, a fierce test of biking skill scheduled for June 5-7, were already in place.

Gene Murphy and his son had come south with Mundy, and the three zoomed out among the leaders as the race left Ensenada. Mundy reached the first pit stop

ahead of his friends. "Fred had said he wouldn't refuel there," Murphy remembers, "but I think he changed his mind and did. We were well away from the paved highway that runs southeast from Ensenada by that time. It was after we had turned the northern corner of the course and were headed southeast 15 to 20 miles into the mountains that the confusion began. There were many, many signs. At one point, I suddenly saw my son riding straight toward me. I was astonished. He had gone off on the wrong road. Several other riders got lost in that area. We went on and found the second pit stop and had no trouble the rest of the way. But when the race was over a number of riders were missing and people began going back over the course to look for them. We found everybody—everybody but Fred."

Somewhere in that southeast stretch that runs roughly from Aseradero to Agua Blanca, Fred Mundy turned left when he should have turned right. One rider saw him do it, but assumed he would quickly discover his error. He may have—Murphy believes Mundy was lost at least twice, and Mundy's younger brother Bud, a 43-year-old San Diego florist who is a bike rider himself, is convinced Fred passed the second pit stop after it was closed down before making his second mistake.

"He turned off the road and went through a gate," Bud Mundy says. "We found a Mexican who saw him go through the gate three times—back and forth, then back again." Only one fact is indisputable: at some point, above or below the checkpoint, Fred Mundy had chosen to follow arrows placed for a different race that pointed him southeast "over the hill," or toward "the drop-off," as the 4,500-foot-high pass through the Sierra de Juárez is called.

No scoutmaster was ever less prepared to be lost. Fred Mundy had come to Baja to win, or at least to do well, and to save weight he had stripped himself and his



Makeshift signs on trail spelled trouble.

bike of anything resembling survival gear. He had only a small canteen of water, a few apples and some peanut-butter sandwiches. He had no map, no compass, no mirror to reflect the sun to aerial searchers. It did not occur to Mundy's friends, who backtracked to the area of maximum confusion, that he could have committed himself to the drop-off trail. When darkness forced them to adjourn the search, they still were confident that Mundy was somewhere west of the Great Sierra, and at daybreak Sunday they resumed scouring those trails on their motorcycles, again to no avail.

Fast becoming desperate, Bud Mundy dialed the directory listing for the San Diego Mountain Rescue Team Inc. at dawn the next morning. He reached Lois McCoy, who is the team's coordinator. "As soon as Bud told me the circumstances, I called Lieut. Bob Morse in the San Diego sheriff's office and by 2 p.m. we had a base camp established in Baja," Mrs. McCoy recalls. A highly respected figure on both sides of the border, Morse immediately got in touch with a search and rescue group in Mexico. A Mexican fireman and a policeman were sent to join the Mountain Rescue Team at the base camp where three motorcycles, two four-wheel-drive vehicles and Lois McCoy's communications van were assembled. Two airplanes chartered by the Mundy family joined the search on Monday afternoon.

"At first it was a matter of detective work," Mrs. McCoy says. "We located the Mexican family that saw him go through the gate three times and gradually worked our way southeast. Then we found a *vagüero* who had seen him driving down the drop-off trail." Meanwhile the Riverside public-relations man who had organized the race had chartered a helicopter, and on Tuesday the chopper's pilot, cruising along the Sierra de Juárez escarpment, spotted a huge S O S scratched in the sand. Foot searchers were sent in and one of them found Mundy's motorcycle half a mile into the big desert from the S O S. But Fred Mundy was nowhere in sight.

The two best trackers of the U.S. Border Patrol, Jack Kearney and Jim Burns, moved into the valley along with the group of San Diego volunteers. Gene Murphy, who had never abandoned the

continued



A man of defiant pride, Mundy believed—wrongly—he could find his way out without aid.

search for his friend, rode Mundy's motorcycle 200 miles along the roadways and up and down the arroyos of the narrow 45-mile valley, a dun-colored wasteland almost devoid of vegetation. He found nothing, but the trackers spotted clear imprints of Mundy's motorcycle boots, indicating he was moving south, occasionally exploring the ravines. His tracks seemed firm, but there were few signs of his passing over the terrain and the searchers repeatedly had to pause and "cut," a tracker's expression for walking a wide circle around the last print in the hope of picking up new ones. By now the combined forces of Lieut. Morse's office, the Mountain Rescue Team and the Border Patrol had 25 searchers in the valley with 25 more in backup and supply positions. Volunteer pilots, unpaid deputies from the San Diego sheriff's air squadron and aircraft chartered by Mundy's family and friends moved up and down scouring the ridges and hurrowing into the arroyos.

A conviction began to grow among some on the scene that Fred Mundy did not want to be found. Why, with aircraft overhead, didn't he make some signal? The searchers wondered if he had matches. The trackers found the remnants of several campfires. Mundy was still carrying his bright orange helmet, but it was never seen. He was thought to have no knife, having left his toolkit with his bike, but the searchers came upon several barrel cacti that had been broken open and the watery pulp scraped out.

A theory developed that Mundy might be headed for San Felipe, 80 miles south of the drop-off. In Riverside, where he was minding the store, Doug Mundy said: "I think Dad might well go in that direction—we've camped down there."

The mystery deepened when the rescuers followed Mundy four miles into an arroyo at the southwest end of the valley and then back out. Beyond his tracks searchers found a strange and seemingly meaningless design—a figure like a "D" made of a half circle of stones and a cedar fence post. Mundy again reversed direction, going almost due south into a cluster of ravines. His tracks were lost and found and finally lost again—but not before he approached a shack maintained by ranchers for cowboys. "We found his tracks above the shack," Jim Burns said later, "but we couldn't find

any sign that he entered it." One member of the Rescue Team found Mundy's footprints moving away, this time almost due east. Had he deliberately bypassed the shack? And if so, why? It was stocked with enough food to last four men 30 days. A stream ran alongside.

On the Thursday following the discovery of the bike, the Coast Guard, which had flown eight helicopter missions into the area, bringing both searchers and supplies, decided to abandon the effort. People began to question whether Mundy could still be alive. Morse asked the Navy to take over the airlift, which it did. That night several *vaqueros* on horseback joined the search. On Sunday—eight full days after the race—50 foot searchers were in the valley. Neither they nor the *vaqueros* were able to find anything but cattle tracks. But on Wednesday, May 29, the horsemen, cutting wide swaths, picked up Mundy's footprints heading north on the opposite side of the valley. They also found two marks that clearly had been inscribed in the sand by Mundy—the letter M flanked by arrows pointing north. How old were they? If Mundy was just ahead, there was hope. That evening the *vaqueros* found his tracks at the head of a ravine 20 miles northeast of the shack he had either entered or scorned. They also found his empty canteen.

Earlier that day Bud Mundy had helicoptered into the valley. He was shaken and depressed at the news. "He's moving toward an area where there isn't even barrel cactus," Bud Mundy said disconsolately. "Don't bother Bud too much," a friend suggested. "I'm afraid he's beginning to realize that his brother has bought the farm."

In San Diego last Thursday morning 15 volunteers were standing by to be lifted into the valley. Then the radio in Bob Morse's office crackled. Fred Mundy's body had been found, crumpled in a delicately in the flat desert a few hundred yards out of the draw where his tracks had been spotted the night before. He was less than eight miles from the spot where he had abandoned his motorcycle perhaps 12 days before. No one knows exactly how long Mundy survived after his motorcycle collapsed, out of fuel and useless. Certainly he had lived five days and possibly six or seven, all but the first three at temperatures of 100° or more.

Certainly, too, he had been aware of the aircraft overhead and had made no apparent effort to signal them; in his last moments he had managed to tuck his orange helmet under a small, lonely mesquite bush where it was invisible from the air. Only toward the end, as he headed north, had he left any guiding marks for searchers. He had not made the SOS sign on the sand that had led the searchers to his motorcycle—the trackers established that the sign was old and windblown, the relic of some other and perhaps unknown emergency.

The last act of Fred Mundy's life had been played out in a theater of almost unbelievable terror and beauty. From the air the vast massif of the Sierra de Juárez seemed an impenetrable barricade to the west. To the east the peaks and ravines of the Sierra de la Tinaja poked up from the beige desert like cocon-colored fingers. But the really terrifying sight lay just beyond the Tinajas—a vast, almost snow-white sea of salt and sand, stretching table-flat for miles to the lofty Sierra Pinta, a range that looked like a series of not-quite-finished cathedrals, all its lines as vertical as granite slabs standing on end. This deadly desert was broken only in the middle by outcroppings of black rock, their buses licked by white salt like surf breaking against a shore. If Mundy had somehow found the strength to cross the Tinajas, he would have been confronted by a geologic scene no human being could hope to cross on foot.

Back at the base camp tracker Jim Burns, who had been on the ground just behind the *vaqueros*, seemed uncertain whether Mundy had won or lost the battle of wits and maneuvers in the long 12 days just ended. "I just can't understand all that activity out there and he never . . ." Burns' voice trailed to a halt. And then: "He was one fantastic man. You don't walk this far unless you're a goat."

Everyone agreed that Mundy had covered 60 miles, and some thought it was closer to 70. There was no denying that his survival for however many days was a feat of Olympian proportions.

Jim Burns was not the only searcher who suffered wounds to his pride at the failure to bring Mundy out alive. In many ways the motivations of the seekers and the sought were similar. "Don't you understand why the 43 members of our Rescue Team are willing to spend their own

continued



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money, maybe risk their lives, lose vacation time and sometimes endanger their jobs?" Lois McCoy asked. "These are people whom a technological society does not value—people who would have led the wagon trains across the West, people who would have been *hombres* in the old days. Their jobs as tool designers or computer programmers or whatever do not fulfill them. They do not fit into the comfort zone of technological man. Their comfort zone is on the frontier where they can prove their value in ways not available to them in their work."

Thus, in a sense, rescue becomes a form of war, in which the pride of the rescuer in doing his job is pitted against the ineptness of the victim or, in a rare case such as Fred Mundy, the apparent determination of the hunted to avoid the passive (and humiliating) role of the rescued. Most of the time the San Diego Mountain Rescue Team gets fulfillment aplenty. Last year it saved 41 people. The score was roughly the same the previous year and for most of the years since the club was established in 1966.

Bud Mundy had no fault to find with the group's efforts in behalf of his brother. "Those people were just unbelievable," he said. Despite his grief, Mundy did not find Fred's behavior inexplicable. "He was a really proud man," he said. "Too proud. I think he was just so disgusted with himself for getting lost and running out of gas that he simply could not accept the idea of rescue. He was going to walk out by himself and not wait around to be found." After a moment's thought, Mundy added, "Perhaps all this effort won't have been entirely in vain if it will help people realize two things. First, somebody has got to go remove old markers on these trails or this will happen again and again. Second, people have to learn to stay with their vehicles, even if it costs them some pride. Fred couldn't do it, but I think that most people can."

Perhaps Rancher-Searcher Andy Meling, born in Mexico 50-odd years ago of Texas immigrants, should be allowed to pronounce Fred Mundy's valedictory. Standing with a *vagabundo* in the eerie silence of the valley of death, his leather-tanned face bathed in a sunset glow, Andy Meling said softly, "No one could have made so many mistakes without a purpose. This was his destiny." **END**

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The history of the U.S. Open offers ample proof that given a chance to win, most golfers, even the best, have a tendency to self-destruct

by

DAN JENKINS

Over almost all the years since the first U.S. Open in 1895, the championship has had two things going for it: golf courses hidden in woods and a title big enough to choke a hippopotamus. And more often than not these two things have produced one result: the grandest of our tournaments has been lost rather than won. Lost in the snarling, argyle-high rough or lost on a linoleum-fast green. Lost in an evilly designed bunker or lost in an obtrusive creek. And sometimes lost in a combination of all this plus some poor soul's anger, passion and suffocating thoughts of immortality. But lost. Continually.

And lost even by men who knew how to win it. A Bobby Jones, a Ben Hogan, a Walter Hagen, a Harry Vardon, an Arnold Palmer and that steadiest of all Open losers, Sam Snead. A golfer hasn't lived who couldn't blow the Open.

All of which brings to mind the classic remark of Cary Middlecoff, always worth repeating on the eve of another championship. "Nobody wins the Open," said Middlecoff. "It wins you."

The Open won Middlecoff twice as he sat in the clubhouse and let others falter, which is how most men have won it. In 1949 at Medinah, Middlecoff began the last round with a six-stroke lead over Snead. Cary struggled to a 75, and sat down to twitch while Sam carved away at him. Snead got to the 71st hole *continued*

TRAPS IN AN OPEN FIELD



Oakmont in 1935 was just one of the Opens Hagen could have won with a good finish.



needing two pars to tie. Alas, Sam missed the green and took a bogey 4. That was it. And once again Snead had added to the negative fame he has achieved come U.S. Open time.

In 1955 at Oak Hill, Middlecoff finished a good hour ahead of the men who could beat him. He watched on television, chewing hay-fever tablets, as Ben Hogan, needing three pars to tie, missed a 30-inch putt; as Julius Boros, needing a birdie over the final three, rimmed out two of them; and, finally, as Ted Kroil, needing four pars to win, made a bogey and then a triple bogey.

Such is the pressure of an Open.

A basic truth is that nobody—you can look it up—in the 79-year history of the championship has ever made a putt of any size to win the Open when he had to. In other words, no man has come to the final green, late in the day when all other challengers had finished, and rapped in a five-footer, a 10-footer, or something bigger, for birdie or par, to capture the Open by a single stroke. Men have holed long putts to tie or to win by two, four, five strokes. But never to win, under Open pressure, by the thinnest of margins—when the competition had finished and

it was all up to them alone.

There is evidence that the Open started getting lost the very first time it was played. On Oct. 4, 1895, over 36 holes in Newport, R.I., exactly 11 players were entered in the first tournament. For 27 holes that day one W. Campbell dominated play. But on the final nine W. Campbell soared to a 48, and the bewildered winner turned out to be 19-year-old Horace Rawlins, who blazed around in 91-82-173 and became \$150 richer for it.

Since then the bodies of a lot of W. Campbells have been stacked up in the Open. Undoubtedly, some more will be added next week at Winged Foot when, in contrast to Newport 79 years ago, there will be 150 qualified and exempt competitors out of more than 3,500 entries seeking a first prize of \$35,000, and all of the fringe

benefits an Open victory now generates. To get in the proper mood for the 1974 Open, let us review some classic case histories.

Bobby Jones practically owned the Open, but he lost it as often as he won it. He was second four times, as many as Snead. If Jones could have closed with anything less than a horrendous 78 at Oakland Hills in 1924, no one would ever have heard of Cyril Walker. But the one Jones really kicked away was the Open of '28 at Olympia Fields. Through the fifth hole of the last round Jones had a five-stroke lead. As he later wrote, "I made the fatal mistake of trying to play safe."

Playing safe, Jones went from the sixth hole through the 10th in seven over par, going double bogey, double bogey, bogey, bogey, bogey, stumbling toward a 77 and into a tie with Johnny Farrell and a playoff he would lose.

In the same era Walter Hagen spent more time losing the Open—and less time winning it—than Jones. For all of Hagen's success, it is a little-known fact that he never



Palmer squandered a seven-stroke lead in 1966.

won a major championship that Bobby Jones played in. He won the U.S. Open twice before Jones came around. He won the British Open four times when Jones stayed home. And being an amateur, Jones was of course not eligible for the PGA, which Hagen took five times. The rest of his career Hagen enjoyed life, made easy shots look difficult, being a showman, and perhaps both enjoyed life and showed off too much in the six U.S. Opens he could have won. Walter was a good one for playing lousy final rounds, being over-lived and thirsty.

In the famed Open of 1913, when Francis Ouimet shocked the globe by beating Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, Hagen might easily have been the winner. But he closed with an 80 and lost by three. To four other Opens Hagen could have won with just about anything reasonable on the last 18; instead, he shot a 76—or something higher.

"But I stopped to smell the flowers," he argued.

It was Sam Snead who stopped to smell the Open more than anyone, but never to win it. The Open Sam lost the most tragically was 35 years ago on the Spring Mill course of the Philadelphia Country Club. Much has been written of Snead's blow-



In 1939 Snead needed a par, but took an 8.

up on the final hole, and most of it inaccurately, even by those who claim to be eyewitnesses. Here is the true account of Sam Snead's historic eight in that crazy 1939 championship.

The circumstances were these: Byron Nelson was in the clubhouse at 284, having come from way back with a 68 on the final 18. Snead had led at 18, again at 36, had surrendered the lead briefly, by one stroke, to Johnny Bulla at 54, but had regained it. He reached the 71st hole needing par-par to beat Nelson by two. That would also have bettered Craig Wood and Denny Shute, who later tied Nelson, as well as Bulla, who blew to 76, and Bud Ward, an amateur but a serious contender throughout, who himself failed by a single shot. In short, it was Sam's title, for the last two holes were considered a cinch. First, Snead three-putted the 71st from only 20 feet, and he says, "That's where I really lost it." Well, not exactly. A par on the last hole—an easy birdie hole—would still win, even a bogey would tie. "But I didn't know that," says Sam. "There were a lot of folks behind me."

Sam drove long off the 72nd, but the ball found the left rough. Fred Corcoran, his old friend, remembers standing over Sam's drive to keep the gallery from trampling it. Snead hit a three-wood from the rough, hoping to reach the green in two. He hit it well but pushed it slightly. At first, he yelled, "Giddyapp," but he saw the ball heading for a bunker 40 yards short of the green, and then he yelled, "Hey, whoa." It didn't. The ball buried in the sand up against the bank, denying him a decent stance. Twice he slashed at the buried lie, twice the ball stayed in the bunker. His fifth shot finally found the green, but he was 50 feet away from the cup. Yet he almost holed the putt that would have tied. It got a piece of the cup but spun out and past. Frustrated, angered, humiliated, embarrassed, Snead didn't even try on the next putt, a three-footer. He left it short, then tapped it for the most famous eight anyone ever had the misfortune to make.

"Send me back out there now—at 62 years old—and tell me I need a par to win the Open, and I believe I'll hit me a couple of two-irons," says Sam. "If I'd won that thing like I should have, I think I'd have won seven or eight Opens."

Other men had suffered calamities before Snead. Harry Vardon had once played the last seven holes in *seven* over

par to lose the Open by one. Gene Sarazen had made a monumental 7 on the 11th at Merion to blow the Open in '34. And there had been all of those collapses by Jones and Hagen, but somehow those things were excusable. If Sam Snead's misfortune seemed inexcusable—and if the Open would thereafter be the tournament that he, more than anyone else, would lose—it was a tribute to his picturesque swing and the fact that he won so much of everything else.

"They talk about the three-foot putt I missed in the '47 playoff," Sam says, "but they don't ever talk about the 20-footer I made to get in the playoff."

Nor is very much ever said about the Opens Ben Hogan let slip away. Like Bobby Jones before him, Hogan, a player who overwhelmed the tournament with four wins (five, if you want to count an unofficial wartime event), spent an equal amount of time losing it. In '46 at Canterbury he bogeyed two of the last three holes to lose by one, three-putting the 72nd. He lost to the unknown Jack Fleck in the playoff of '55 at Olympic. He missed the 30-inch putt at Oak Hill in '56. And in 1960 at Cherry Hills he was tied with Palmer two holes short of the finish, and put a wedge shot in the water.

If anyone has taken over from Snead as the best loser of Opens, it is Arnold Palmer. He has lost no fewer than three Open playoffs, and the last one probably did him more harm than his public will ever know. This was the Open at Olympic in 1966 that Palmer gift-wrapped for Billy Casper.

As late as three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, with only nine holes to play, it not only looked as if Palmer would win his second Open—and his ninth major title—but as many as seven strokes, it appeared that he would break the 72-hole Open record. Hogan's record. Even par on the last nine would beat the record by two strokes. He could afford a bogey.

Palmer and Casper were paired, and Arnold has admitted that he was thinking about the record, while Casper has confessed that he was only playing for second place. Palmer bogeyed the 10th with an indifferent chip shot, and Casper parred. But not much importance was attached to that. Palmer still had a six-stroke lead. They both parred the 11th and they both birdied the 12th.

"I wasn't concerned," Palmer says. "I'm six strokes ahead with six to play, and two strokes ahead of the record."

Palmer pulled a four-iron in the left rough and bogeyed the 13th while Casper parred, but when Palmer parred the 14th he had no reason to be concerned about any kind of impending doom. He was still five strokes ahead of Casper with only four holes to play, and he still could par in to beat the record.

Casper was still playing for second. The short 15th hole, a par three, brought the first indication that something truly unbelievable might be about to take place. Palmer unwisely shot for the pin and located a bunker. Bogey. At the same time Casper casually holed a 20-footer for a birdie. A two-shot swing. Now, with three holes to play, Palmer appeared shaken although he still had a three-stroke lead.

"For the first time," Casper recalls, "I heard some cheers in the crowd for me."

At the long 16th Palmer leaped at his tee shot trying to drive it 40 miles. He hooked into the brutal rough of Olympic. His three-iron barely got airborne, going only 100 yards, and it was still deep in the rough. He had to dig out with a nine-iron and then hit a three-wood toward the green, which he bunkered. Only a good sand shot saved him from a double bogey 7. Casper, meanwhile, had played the hole cautiously and wound up sinking a 15-foot putt for a birdie.

"I think the thing that still nags at me is Billy playing safe when he was behind and still making a birdie," says Arnold.

By now furious with himself and the circumstances—the record was gone and the tournament itself was slipping fast—Palmer promptly drove badly again at the 17th, hit his second into the rough, chipped decently but missed a seven-foot putt for a par while Casper made a routine 4. They were tied. In three holes Casper had made up five strokes.

If anything, Palmer did his best to lose the tournament on the last hole before he ever got around to losing it in the playoff the next day. He drove terribly again into the rough, somehow got to the green, but was asked to hole an evil four-footer just to tie Casper, the man who had been the last thing in his thoughts only an hour earlier.

"We were both in some kind of daze because of what was happening," says Casper. "It seemed to happen so fast. It was like neither one of us had any control over anything."

Ah, yes. In the weeds and pressure of the Open, men seldom do.

CONTINUED

NOW FOR A WINTER... HERE'S JOHNNY

All of a sudden Johnny Miller is not the boy next door, the neighborhood kid who cut your grass or shoveled your driveway when your wife was too lazy to do it. That guy, hot and humid Sunday at the U.S. Open at Oakmont last year seemed poor soul in which to plant a legend, but something happened. Johnny Miller got caught in a time warp or an instant star machine. He went in one end of the golf course as just another pretty face and came out the other as a U.S. Open champion and, as events were to prove, an extraordinarily good player. He also became golf's Six Million Dollar Man.

Today Miller is able to spin gold out of straw. He has won five tournaments and nearly \$200,000 this year. He is into the stock market and tax shelters and real estate and insurance. He is a television commercial, a registered trademark, a corporation, a big name to drop at a cocktail party. Soon he might begin talking about running for governor or going on the road with a nightclub act. He drives a Porsche, carries a \$2,500 watch in his golf bag and is considering buying a California ranch. His wife is beautiful. His children are precious. Celebrities want his autograph. He is 27 years old, has a 30-inch waist, a movie star's profile, a full head of blond hair. And he can putt.

Every so often Johnny Miller pinches his cheekbook to see if it is all real and thinks back to that glorious day when he shot a 63 and came from nowhere to win the Open, that day when everything fit together as easily as the last piece in a jigsaw puzzle. Up to that moment Miller was just another third-round leader at Phoenix, a guy who would shank on the 16th hole at Pebble Beach or bogey two of the last three holes at Augusta or swallow his Adam's apple over the putt that really counted.

The new Miller recalls in detail the day of his grand transmutation at Oakmont. "I was in a real weird mood," he says. "You know, I sort of had a reputation as a choker. My record wasn't too good. And here it was the U.S. Open and all

But I never let it bother me. I just buckled down."

His caddy, Andy Martinez, adds, "You looked like a professional killer out there."

"Well, I just stayed cool. Jerry Heard had told me, 'You've got to relax when you get near the lead. Just let it happen.' Before I'd get so excited that I didn't know what I was doing."



Miller's Open was the start of his heroes

One conspicuous change in Miller is that he has outgrown his nickname. He is no longer a "young lion," a sobriquet for those who are caught in the paradox of the young: they have youth on their side but inexperience going against them. "Ben Crenshaw says I'm too old to be a young lion, anyway," says Miller. "That's what they used to say about me, 'Johnny Miller, the young lion.' Now they expect me to win every week. Someday I hope to get to be like Nicklaus. They'll say: 'Gee, when's he going to quit? He's been out here forever.'"

Although he does not have to look at the menu prices anymore, much of the old Miller remains. He still has the shy, wavering voice of a 14-year-old phoning the prettiest girl in his class. When he was a rookie on the tour, he called Arnold Palmer "Mr. Palmer," and even today he is more formal than blithe, better at laughing at jokes than cracking them. His

friends continue to treat him with a lack of deference, implying that he is the same old John, just a better golfer. Larry Wadkins chides him about hiring somebody to spend his money. And Martinez, after Miller hits a poor practice-round shot, is liable to snicker. "Not had for a U.S. Open champion," or "Way to hit it, superstar." For those suspicious of the snares of success, Miller's head size is unchanged, though, oddly, his feet have grown half a size and his neck is a smidgen thicker.

Away from the motels and rental cars and press tents, Miller likes to fill the days around his home in Napa, Calif., with fishing, hiking, duck hunting or playing tennis. He spends a lot of time with his small son but treats golf as if it were a communicable disease. "I rarely pick up a club when I'm home," he says. "I think I have a pretty good understanding of the golf swing, probably better than most of the other young players, so I don't really gain anything from a great deal of practice. And as for spending money, my life-style hasn't changed that much."

When he is playing in a tournament, he brings along his wife Linda and two young children. Kelly and John. Linda is a firm buffer zone against those overzealous female fans who want to take him out for an evening's putting lesson. "Linda always seems to answer the phone when they call the motel," says Miller.

Although he is not turning down any checks, Miller is a bit amazed and embarrassed by the \$10,000 one-day exhibition fees he commands. The celebrities who want him to exorcise a duck hook or the money to be made just by showing up at a department store in Japan. "I'm very happy," he says. "I'm not hungry. Life has been awfully good to me. Sometimes you kind of wonder where it all will end." But there is no mystery about where it began. Oakmont, 1973, when Johnny Miller stood outside his kingdom and unlocked the door with a key from the U.S. Open.

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**ON,
BRAVE
OLD ARMY
TEAM**

After an 0-10 football season, sport at West Point is bloodied and bowed, but there is something left for a general to cheer, a cadet boxer named Al Frecker
by SAM MERRILL

It has been no secret that disaffection with the military is killing off intercollegiate sports at West Point. But by the end of the last football season, concern became panic. Army needed a hero.

Al Fracker, a shy, polite, yet ultimately defensive loner who may develop into America's top amateur light heavyweight (he hopes to win the AAU title next week), needed an education. The 22-year-old and West Point made an unlikely and, for a while, uneasy couple. They are getting along better now.

Fracker's concessions to military discipline were few and grudging. By Christmas he had spent 44 hours "touring the area" (marching alone in full-dress uniform) for rule infractions. His grades were only fair. The one thing that kept him going was the knowledge that he was about to become the first cadet ever to enter the New York Golden Gloves. But the most difficult adjustment for Fracker came after he had defeated his first two opponents in the Golden Gloves preliminaries in February. To his complete and somewhat horrified surprise, this very private young man from a small town in Michigan had become a West Point hero—Army's hope.

"Why me?" Fracker asked a visitor to the gym one day, while taping his hands to work on the heavy bag. "I win a few fights and everybody's making a big deal out of me." Fracker refused help in lacing on a pair of bag gloves; he tied the left one with his right hand, the right one with his teeth. "It makes me uncomfortable. I mean, what if I get knocked out of the preliminaries? I'll let everybody down. You're better off forgetting about me. If I win, I win."

He seemed to almost stalk the heavy bag, circling it methodically, then moving in for the kind of breathtaking combination that zoned Gregory Hammond after 51 seconds in the first preliminary bout. "Sometimes you hit a guy so hard your whole body tingles," Fracker said after the Hammond fight. "It's like in baseball, when you really get hold of one and you know it's gone." Flurries of punches kept the massive bag whirling and dancing on its rope like a marionette.

After three minutes a bell sounded and

Fracker stopped swinging and began running in place. "Another thing that upsets me is the way people are saying I represent Army, or I represent the United States."

"Why should that upset you?"

"I don't want people relying on me and I don't want to rely on them. The best thing about boxing is that you go into the ring alone." The bell rang again and Fracker resumed pummeling the bag. "Back home in Michigan Center (Umph! Umph!) I did a couple of stints at Goodyear (Umph! Umph!) and people asked me how I could stand it (Umph!) working at a machine all day (Umph!). But I kind of liked it, in a way (Umph! Umph!), because it was just me and the machine (Umph! Umph! Umph!). Nobody else around to mess up (Umph! Umph! Umph! Umph!). When I go into the ring (Umph!) I can't protect the rep-

utation of the Army (Umph!) or America (Umph!) or anything else (Umph! Umph!). I've gotta protect my own (Umph!)." When the bell rang once more, Fracker took off his gloves and began skipping rope.

"I started boxing as a kid, at 13. I think. My couch back home in Michigan Center, Glenn Pringle, kept telling me I was a natural. I lost a lot, but Glenn never gave up on me, and I kept at it because I loved going into the ring with another guy, even when I lost. Then everything came together. I don't know what happened exactly. People just started going down." Fracker won the Michigan Golden Gloves in 1970 as a middleweight. In '71 he won the AAU state championship and was runner-up in '72 but did not try out, as expected, for the Olympic team because he broke a finger slugging a fellow in a bar who wanted to

continued



ACADEMY SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAM K. WINTON GIVES A HAND TO HIS GOLDEN GLOVER

see how tough the young amateur really was.

"As a kid, did you do much street fighting?"

"No, well . . . once." While answering, he skipped faster and faster, whipped the rope over his head and under his legs at an almost manic pace. "It was Memorial Day, right after my brother was killed in Vietnam, and this guy with a flag on his butt was saying things. . . . Anyway, I hit him. I was sorry as soon as it happened. I felt terrible." The rope slowed. "It was the only time."

Nothing seemed to work out in Michigan Center. There were fits and starts. No continuity. Fracker's father, a sensitive but uneducated man who worked for a local power company, was disabled when a pole he was climbing snapped. After agonizing months of surgery-therapy-surgery he regained the use of his legs, but was too proud to accept the only work available, as a janitor. There were money problems. That is when Al's brother enlisted. Al started college, dropped out, drifted through factory jobs, tried school again, drifted away, worked at a funeral parlor. And the good fights grew harder to come by. Most top amateurs looking to compile an impressive record ducked him. "In '71 Glenn got me a fight in Cleveland with Sylvester Walder, who was runner-up in that city's Golden Gloves and was about to turn pro. I beat him. Afterward, we were showering and Sylvester's manager came in screaming and yelling. He called Sylvester a punk and said, 'The deal is off.' He said that if Sylvester couldn't beat me there was no sense in his turning pro. After that, the only way I could get a good fight outside a tournament was to go around to the prisons." Fracker smiled. "With the records some of those guys had, they didn't mind losing a boxing match."

Eventually, Fracker enlisted—drifted in, really. After basic training he was admitted to the U.S. Military Academy Prep School at Fort Belvoir, Va., passed his exams and entered West Point.

He continued his workout, sparring a few rounds with a cadet named Boog Powell, the intramural champ. Powell scored well at first. His fluffy, 16-ounce sparring gloves splatted against Fracker's chest and headgear. Finally, Fracker got started and landed a series of trip-hammer punches to the body. Herb Kroeten, Army's civilian boxing instruc-

tor and a former fight heavyweight Golden Gloves champion, was clearly dissatisfied. "I wouldn't say Al lacks the killer instinct," Kroeten said. "The other fella just has to hit him a few times to get his attention."

Kroeten was asked how he thought Fracker would do in the Gloves.

"There's no telling. He's never faced this kind of competition before. Eddie Davis, the defending champ, may be the finest amateur light heavyweight in the country. And Eddie's brother John is in the tournament this year. John Davis may have a better right hand than Eddie. I hope Al at least makes the quarterfinals so he can meet some of the better fighters, the people he's going to have to learn to beat if, well, . . ."

"You mean to make the Olympics?"

"It's a little early to be talking about that."

"How good do you think he can be?"

"Honest, his potential is frightening. He hits like a mule, he won't go down, and he's got the best endurance I've seen in a kid his size. But he's always been a slow starter."

"Why is that?"

"I think Al loves boxing too much. He's so happy when he's out there, he doesn't want to end it. He wishes he could fight forever."

Fracker's last preliminary bout in the Golden Gloves was no pleasure. David Gaines, tall, rangy and fast, came out with tassels on his shoes and pranced and strutted around the ring several times before throwing a punch. Fracker tried to stalk him with a careful, one-speed-forward style, but Gaines kept circling. When they did mix it up, the taller man clinched and hailed rabbit punches down on Fracker's head and neck. The referee issued numerous warnings and the first round ended to scattered boos. In the second round Fracker landed a flurry of left and right hooks that slowed Gaines' frog to a fox-trot. In the next clinch Gaines was disqualified for heeling—dragging his glove laces across Fracker's face. A bloody swatch of skin tore loose from the bridge of Fracker's nose and landed like a fluttering insect on the canvas.

"This is the kind of fight that tests your self-righteousness," Fracker said afterward. "Disqualification isn't a knock-out. When people ask you about it you feel like screaming. 'Yeah, but I was killing him.'"

"Will you say that?" someone asked

"I guess I'll just say that I won."

Fracker coasted into the semifinals where he was to meet John Davis, the champ's younger brother. As his fame at West Point increased, Fracker grew edgy. "People are depending on me to win," he complained the day before the fight. "I'm afraid they'll be angry if I let them down." He seemed innocently incapable of comprehending that someone could just root for him, be his fan. And he quickly became one of the most popular fighters in the Gloves. His looks, his style, his every glance and posture make Fracker every father's dream of an all-American son. Blond hair falls easily over the rim of his forehead. . . . just so. Military, yes, but it almost could have been styled by Mr. Kenneth for a title bout. And those sea-blue eyes: not vicious even under fire. Gentle to determined seems the extent of their range. When Al Fracker steps between the ropes, sheds the purple and white robe that is more like an opera cape, throws the obligatory phantom punches, he appears neither savage nor fearful, simply . . . wonderful, a burden he will have to learn to live with.

The Gloves semifinals were held in New York's Felt Forum. Eddie Davis flattened his opponent in the first round and the loser had to be carried from the ring. But Fracker's bout with John Davis went the distance, consisting of three rounds of ferocious and virtually continuous slugging, and ending with the two exhausted fighters collapsing in each other's arms.

Fracker moved aggressively in the first round, but Davis countered with thunderous rights to the cheek and jaw. The cut from the Gaines fight split open when a Davis right snapped Fracker's head back like a dummy in a simulated auto crash. A web of blood spun out over Fracker's face and Davis' glove. In the second round Fracker seemed to be gaining precision if not strength. Or maybe the openings were larger. The third round was all Fracker's, who stalked and struck at will. But Davis remained standing to the end.

"How do you feel?" was everyone's first question.

"I feel great," Fracker said from a dressing-room bench, squaring as Herb Kroeten tried to hang a butterfly on a deep new gash. The cut kept pulling open, gushing, washing away the flimsy bandage. "But not as good as I felt before the decision."

continued



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"But you won," Kroeten reminded.
 "Yes . . ." Fracker said cautiously.
 "But sometimes . . . I don't want this to come out wrong. . . ." Fracker unlaced his shoes, buying a moment of thought. "After a fight goes the distance, there's that time between the final bell and the announcement. It's only a minute or two, actually, but it's light-years for a fighter. It's like you're traveling through space, and for me it's a natural high. Then, after they announce the winner, there's a crash. Even when I win, it's a bring-down. Don't get me wrong. I'm glad I won. I consider this the greatest fight of my life. It's just that, well . . . it's a shame to spoil a beautiful fight with a decision."

Herb Kroeten sent for a ring doctor who poked Fracker's cut open and squeezed it shut. "I don't think that'll need any stitches," he said. "But no sparing for a week."

The Golden Gloves finals drew the largest paid crowd in Madison Square Garden history (20,228). At ringside, along with 5'2" Mayor Abe Beame ("sitting on a phone book," wrote one reporter), were two generals and regiments of Army brass. Hundreds of cadets filled out a section in the mezzanine. The Eddie Davis-Fracker fight was widely considered responsible for the sellout. It was a classic matchup. The champ and heavy favorite: black, flamboyant, outspoken, up from the streets. The challenger and underdog: white, soft-spoken, methodical and, of all things, a cadet. For the first time in nearly half a century of Golden Gloves competition, the traditional order of bouts (flyweight to heavyweight, was scrapped. The heavies were stuck in the middle of the program and Davis-Fracker became the main event.

After the weigh-in, Fracker chatted softly with visitors. Yes, he was annoyed at Davis' prediction of a first-round knockout. No, the touch of flu he had the week before did not upset his training. Davis, meanwhile, swaggered around in the lucky wool cap he wears before each fight and threatened to "put a hurt on the face" of the man who defeated his brother, who shattered the family dream of two Davises reigning as co-champions (Golden Gloves rules forbid brothers from fighting one another). Glenn Pringle, Al's first trainer, flew in from Michigan Center with the boxer's father.

The first round was a nightmare for

continued

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Fracker. After only one jab, he moved inside. Eddie Davis peeled back half a step and unloaded a looping left hook followed by an exploding right to the chin. For the next three minutes Fracker moved around the ring as if mesmerized, absorbing a savage fusillade of left hooks and straight rights. It was as if he had gotten his face caught in a paddle wheel. But he would not go down.

Astonishingly, the second round was close. For one right-crossing moment, Fracker may have moved slightly ahead but three more lightning rights to the chin by Davis settled the affair. If the second round was a comeback, the third was a little miracle. Fracker won it going away. But Davis, way ahead on points, clinched, covered up, held on to win a split, but clearly earned, decision. After the announcement, the winner and still champion took a victory leap, landing in a gaudy full split on the canvas.

In Dressing Room B, both fighters were informed that they had been invited to the AAU National Championships in Knoxville. And there is a good chance they will meet there next week. But that March night after the Gloves final Davis, a store detective, was talking about turning pro. He said in the future if he was going to fight anyone as tough as Fracker, he wanted to get paid for it.

A week after the Gloves Al Fracker was back to prodawn roadwork, missing both reveille formation and breakfast, a moved blessing. Asked how the loss to Davis had been accepted at the Point, he said, "Every one was so nice to me. I was surprised."

"What did you expect, a firing squad?"

"Maybe. With everybody saying I represented my country and all, I figured they'd be angry, like I lost World War II or something." A blast of dark wind ripped the back of Fracker's sweat shirt. He shivered, stopped running, bent and stretched at the waist. "But it hasn't been like that at all. From Herb, right up to the superintendent, they've all been great."

"Who knows, maybe now you might even start relying on other people once in a while."

"Maybe." Fracker jumped up and down, clapped and shook his chilled hands. "But if I don't win the Nationals they will shoot me." For the first time in six weeks Al Fracker took time out for laughter. Then he returned to his roadwork.

END

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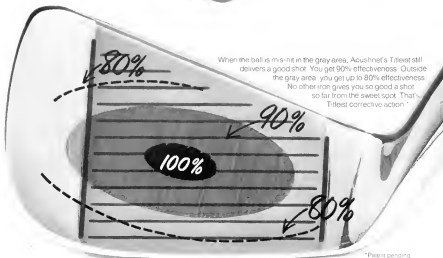
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THE DELIRIUM OF CUP FEVER

Although they should be immune by now to rampant America's Cup optimism, the Australians have caught the bug again and have bet a healthy bundle on the good sloop 'Southern Cross' **by COLES PHINIZY**

Of all the diseases now afflicting sailors the world around, the quest for the America's Cup is the oddest by far—a perverse contagion that addles the mind, drains the wallet and warps the sporting soul. When the America's Cup distemper is raging unreasonably in them, men of vision often lose their bearings and wander off the mark. In the words of the original Deed of Gift set

down 117 years ago, the America's Cup is "perpetually a Challenge Cup for friendly competition between foreign countries." In the years since, the original aim has often been slighted, the competition frequently more rancorous than friendly. Possibly the most gracious thing that could be done today with the cup would be to melt it down for Amazon tribesmen to use as spearpoints.

The fever for the cup almost died 10 years ago when the luckless English came challenging for the last time aboard *Sovereign*, an embarrassing hull that never had a chance. America's Cup challenges are often dull affairs—the striving among potential defenders is typically where the fiercest action is—and the *Sovereign* series was the drafthest of the lot. In four races poor *Sovereign*, a plodder with a



bulbous bow ill-suited for the slop-chop off Brenton Reef, never led at any mark. When she slogged to the finish of the final race 15 minutes, 40 seconds behind the defender *Constellation*, cup fever was at a low. The contagion might have ended there, conceivably for the good of all, if Australians half a world away had not already contracted the disease.

One does not need to resurrect the feisty old Earl of Dunraven or rekindle any fires of the long past to appreciate the droll effect the America's Cup has on men presumably endowed with restraint. In recent challenges there is evidence enough. In 1962 *Gretel*, the first 12-meter hull designed, built and sailed by Australians, took one race from the U.S. defender *Weatherly*—a triumph of sorts considering that only seven of 72 races have been won by challengers in 104 years. Following the *Gretel* challenge, as if fearful that the prize was slipping away, the New York Yacht Club, trustees of the cup, tightened the rules: whereas *Gretel* had been allowed to use sails made in the U.S. by Ted Hood, future challengers could not even use American fabrics. This decree prompted the late Sir Frank Packer, prime backer of *Gretel*, to observe that if Australia ever won the cup, the Deed of Gift would be altered to limit competition to boats lined with kangaroo hide.

In 1967 the next Australian challenger, *Dume Partie*, lost four straight races, in part because its sails of Australian Kador were no match for those of the defender *Intrepid*. When they suspect a stacked deck, gamblers get out of the game, but not Australians. They are irrepressible plungers, tantalized by long odds. Despite the fact that the judges and jurymen, as well as the lawmakers of the competition were all Yanks, the Australians came back in 1970 for a third try aboard *Gretel II*, a splendid hull that was about as easy to steer as a task raft but proved able on all points of sailing and remarkably quick in tacking duels.

As anyone who dotes on overblown controversies may recall, *Gretel II* beat *Intrepid* to the finish in two of five races, but was disqualified in one for colliding while sailing above close-hauled after the starting gun. When a counterclaim of barging by the American boat was disallowed by the all-American jury, Sir

Frank, who also financed *Gretel II*, opined, "It was like complaining about your wife to your mother-in-law."

All manner of people of slight yachting knowledge made the *Gretel II* controversy their business. The disqualification was raised in both houses of the Australian Parliament, one Labor senator suggesting that because of the unfavorable decision his government should withdraw from Vietnam. Australian Prime Minister John Gorton maintained the collision had actually given the U.S. boat an edge at the start. Walter Rice, U.S. ambassador to Australia, was so "shocked and disappointed" that he started rooting for *Gretel II*. Fifty-one U.S. college athletic directors—among them the salty old Coast Guardsman Otto Graham—declared that the disqualification race should be resailed. The U.S. *National Observer* editorialized: "The rules of the America's Cup races are designed to make it just about impossible for any sailboat in the natural world to beat the entry of the New York Yacht Club. And that is why we are up to our scuppers [sic] with the attempts of American millionaires to make the welkin ring over their little game of boat-spoop, America's Cup? Hal! The Humber Cup, more likely."

Most Australian skippers who have seen film of the 1970 incident consider the verdict of the stacked jury just. Despite this and despite the fact that the New York Yacht Club, after a century of lopsided involvement, has given over the role of judge and jury to impartial members of the International Yacht Racing Union, the 1970 controversy lingers. This past February, 3½ years after the fact, the losing skipper, Jim Hardy, told a lunch group in Perth that in the next campaign Australia should take along a video recorder and a lawyer. Just how Hardy expected to persuade a U.S. court that a sailing spat was a proper cause for the docket is not clear.

Whereas it took the gambling Australians three hard challenges to reach their present state of irrationality, sailors of France have come about as far after one disastrous campaign. For the right to challenge for the cup in 1970, Australia's *Gretel II* first had to meet a French hull, grandly called *Fraser*, in an elimination series. Marcel Bich, the ball-point baron who financed the French boat, is not known for his winning ways socially or nautically. By switching skippers and

shuffling crewmen like marionettes, Baron Bich succeeded in dropping the first three races convincingly, despite the fact that his Australian rivals lost a man overboard in one race and finished it with a runaway genoa. For the final race, as if determined to do no better, the Baron himself took the helm of *Fraser*, got lost in a fog and never found the finish line.

Having done about as badly as a man can on a 24.3-mile closed course, Bich behaved worse ashore, lighting into the international committee in tricolored style because they had dishonored him, his boat and his country by continuing the race in fog. Speaking for the committee, Commodore Frederik Horn of Norway replied, "I believe that Bich has some things to learn: the rules of racing, how to sail as well as navigate, how to handle his crews and how to behave like a gentleman instead of a spoiled child . . . it may be a credit to the sport of sailing if Baron Marcel Bich does not return." Baron Bich, in his final huff, told the press that he would never try for the cup again.

So here we are once more in early June, in the last bright days of spring when the high sun starts softening the sharp edge of the Atlantic wind off Brenton Reef. And, dear God, here they come again after the America's Cup. Here come the Australians, back for the fourth try, fevered as ever, ready to battle at the gun and already threatening to go to court on any minor count. Here come the French on their second quest *sans peur, sans reproche* and *sans* a new boat, but not *sans* Baron Bich. After hotly promising three years ago to quit forever, why is Baron Bich back? The French have a saying, "Le coq a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point." For Frenchmen of passion this is perhaps reason enough, but why do the Australians persist? Because. Because why? Because.

Among Australians who have had a taste of it, the America's Cup is a compulsion without reason. When asked what had prompted him to try in 1962, Sir Frank Packer, who often drowned his rancor in humor, replied, "Alcohol and delusions of grandeur." When asked why he first got involved in 1962, Alan Payne, designer of *Gretel* and *Gretel II*, said, "Because I was perfect for the job. In Australia there was no one who knew how to sail a 12-meter. There was no one who knew how to build a 12-meter. Since I had no experience designing a 12-me-

continued

SLIDING ALONG under spritaker in tests off Perth, the new challenger sports a jaunty hull.

ter, I fitted perfectly into the whole crazy affair." In 1967, when a writer asked him to describe himself, Warwick Hood, designer of *Dave Partle*, replied, "I am 34 years old and crazy. I am a naval architect trying to win the America's Cup."

In the convulsions of a hard campaign even some Australians forget how to laugh. Summing up the past two years of preparation for the coming challenge, Brian Leary, the able engineer and blue-water sailor who manages the Australian team, observes, "Anyone who thinks the America's Cup is fun and sport should have his head read." Bob Miller, the 38-year-old homemade genius who designed this year's Aussie challenger, *Southern Cross*, concurs. After each unsuccessful campaign, the rats of hindsight inevitably come to gnaw on the carcass of the losing designer, but despite this and the tension already building around him, Designer Miller manages to stay loose. He has little reason to sweat. Winning the cup would be sweet indeed, but not even four straight losses could affect Miller much. His reputation is too solid, his first-reaching blue-water hulls such as *Apollo*, *Ginkgo*, *Apollo II* and *Ciel III* are admired worldwide. He has back orders that will keep the cash register ringing for a while. Amid all the foolfarraw of the America's Cup, he stands out, clearly a fair-dinkum man ready with truth at the drop of a jib hank.

Perhaps to boost interest at home and abroad, this past winter the Perth public relations agency handling the Australian

campaign released a magazine piece declaring that a cup challenge was "one of the most exciting events on the worldwide sporting scene" and the trophy itself "the epitome of yacht racing supremacy." These overblown claims, worth a laugh almost anywhere, provoked a snort from Miller, who sees a cup quest for what it is: a match race between untired hulls—testing, but proving little compared to, say, the Admiral's Cup or an Olympic tiff involving a dozen or more able crews from five continents. Casting about for something distinctive to say about the America's Cup, Miller observes, "It is the only sailing competition where an 11-man crew sometimes ends up not speaking to each other."

Writers inflamed with cup fever have described 12-meter boats as "thoroughbreds of the sea" and "test-beds for yachting breakthroughs," and so on into farmland. Here is the heretical truth as expressed by Miller: "In a 12-meter you cannot learn anything that is really applicable, and you have to watch that it does not mess up your design of other boats. A 12-meter is a great big, heavy tub of bloody lead. They're awful boats to sail. It's like steering a big tug. There is almost no feel, you have to steer by observation, while with hulls like *Ginkgo* and *Apollo* you can feel the wind in them. Pinch a 12-meter for 10 minutes and it doesn't slow down, then all of a sudden it really slows down. Then you pull it away, and about an hour later it builds speed again."

Hard reality has always been Miller's touchstone, and the keystone of his success. He was born in the middle of the Depression in Boggabri, a parched little outback town that will never amount to anything. He grew up on the New South Wales coast, in Newcastle, an industrial port with a vocal and yachting flavor approximating that of Bayonne, N.J. He attended the toughest schools in town. As he recalls, "There were 700 boys in junior high, but I wouldn't call them students. They were inmates. After morning tea break, out of 700 there would be 500 lined up to go back to class. After lunch there would be 400."

Regimentation rankles Miller. At the 1972 Olympics he lapped up a fuss because as a competitor in the Soling class he was expected to march in the opening-day yachting ceremony. During Miller's Newcastle boyhood, when the principal of the rowdy junior high school died from drinking wood alcohol, his successor insisted the pupils wear uniforms, as in many Aussie schools. A uniform was more than Miller would take or could afford, so he quit after ninth grade.

Moved by an innate love of boats and boyhood success as a model-builder, he tried to get a job in the dockyards of Newcastle, and ended up apprenticing at the state locomotive works. Because of his scant public schooling, published accounts suggest that Miller today is some sort of backwoods Cellini who dashes off a rough sketch of a beautiful \$200,000 hull and leaves the precision of the lines plan to assistants. In fact, his railroad apprenticeship consisted of both grimy labor and classroom comparable to a technical junior college.

Before he was done with his five-year apprenticeship Miller was involved in all the important facets of yachting: racing, building, designing and sailmaking. In the late '50s he got good sailmaking lessons working for the now-famous Peter Cole, who back then was doing a hand-to-mouth business cutting sails in a church hall in Balmain, a wharf Sydney district comparable to Red Hook in Brooklyn. As might be expected of an unengrained man, Miller became intrigued with the Australian 18-footer, a lowbrow, cantankerous breed of over-canvased boat that keeps trying to fly while its four-man crew struggles to keep it from sinking. In its first year his first 18-footer, *Typan*, won the Queensland title and was second in the Australian cham-

ronald

IS PLUNGER BOND AT SEAT?



ANSWERS LIE WITH SKIPPER CUNEO, DESIGNER MILLER

PARKER 75

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Ball Point shown Actual size

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What about the money you'll need
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Talk to a Prudential representative soon.

Protect your family and your future
with a piece of the Rock.



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partnerships. Subsequently, under the handling of Lenzie Heffernan, a skipper and social rebel with few peers, it won the national title. In his 18-footers Miller incorporated rule-beating innovations—quite an accomplishment, since in this wild class there are not a great many rules to beat.

In 1967, when Australians traveled half around the world on their second Admiral's Cup quest and won by the widest margin ever, a 40-footer called *Mercedes III*, co-designed by unknown Boh Miller, was high scorer of all 26 entries, beating out such established beauties as *Pou Dwek III* of France, *Favos IV* of the U.S. and *Norjema V* of the U.K. Miller's second ocean racer, *Volante*, was a queer one, a "rule-ignorer" created for a New Zealander who had a yen for a 50-footer that would compete for line honors with 70-footers. To oblige, Miller produced a sparse, lightly ballasted "50-foot" hull that, by fudging on the sections, he actually made 54 feet, unbeknownst to the owner. *Volante* scorched along on and off the wind, but could not have won on its rating if given a 200-foot head start on a straight downhill run over Niagara Falls. "*Volante* was a space-age creature that writhed like an old Viking ship," Miller recounts with mild disdain.

Volante's performance came to the attention of Alan Bond, a multimillionaire and onetime stinkpotter who lived in Perth, 4,000 miles away. Bond had a strange request. He wanted a cheap 57-footer built exclusively for daytime racing on the Swan River in Western Australia—a queer order indeed since, short of putting one buoy on somebody's front lawn, the largest triangular course possible on the river is less than two miles to a leg. The result was the first of the famous *Apollo's* designed by Miller for Bond. As Miller remembers, "*Apollo* was never meant to bash around on the ocean, but while the boat was being built I suddenly was told to get it finished in time for the Sydney-Hobart race." As any unabe seaman who has retched along it will attest, the 640 miles of water between Sydney and Hobart is a tad tougher than any stretch of the Swan River estuary. Nevertheless, on its first try in the Hobart race *Apollo* missed line honors by a few minutes and has been bouncing around on the high seas ever since. *Apollo* finished up among the giants *Windward Passage*, *Southern*

Star, *American Eagle* and *Ondine*—in the 1970 Bermuda Race and beat *Windward Passage* boat for boat in the Trans-Atlantic. She broke the record for the run back from Fastnet Rock as well as the record around the Isle of Wight, bettering times made long ago by massive J boats more than twice her size.

Alan Bond migrated from England to Western Australia as a 13-year-old in 1951, and has been moving at double time ever since. He was married and a father before he was 18 and head of a prospering business at 20. Within three years after taking up sailing he was able to do it, and like many an able man, a sucker for its extravagances. Within a week after *Gretel II* lost the last race of the 1970 challenge at Newport, Bond, as a member of the Royal Perth Yacht Club, filed a new challenge, and he has been writing checks to honor it ever since. His Miller-designed *Southern Cross* cost about \$1½ million. Training and campaigning will take roughly a million more, all but about \$200,000 of it coming from Bond.

What will the new, aluminum *Southern Cross* be worth against *Courageous* or *Maverick*, the prospective cup defenders designed by Olin Stephens and Brinton Chance? Beyond differences naturally expected in an aluminum hull, notably a higher ballast-to-displacement ratio, the challenger reflects the different philosophy of Miller, who has always had light regard for hulls that foot well hard on the wind compared to those that can move when the sheets are eased a jot and simply fly off the wind. *Southern Cross* has a flat run aft typical of a downwind boat and a fin keel unique to date in 12-meters but quite like that of *Ciel III*, Miller's latest Hobart winner. *Southern Cross* has a knuckle bow and a novel forefoot with a rule-beating kink affording a waterline that measures short but is functionally long. The rudder, separate but with some flaring near the waterline, was originally long and daggerlike. When this proved too much, a shorter, broader rudder was used. This proved too little, and will probably be modified further when *Southern Cross* gets to Newport late this month.

Discounting all other telling factors—helmanship, crewing, sails, rigging, operational gear and the flukes of weather—and speculating wildly on the basis of the rough hull data made public to date, it would seem *Southern Cross* may

continued

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CUP FEVER *continued*

have an edge over Chance's *Mariner* in all but drifty conditions. On the same basis the prospective challenger seems a fair match for *Concannon* in any weather. Of course, in such a whimsical affair it is faintly possible the finish will turn out to be between the old wood hull *Faive* of France and the even older defender *Intrepid*, in which case the backers of the three new aluminum boats will be able to enjoy a private laugh that cost them collectively about \$5 million.

On *Southern Cross* for certain there will be a crew tougher than any yet from Down Under. Training and sailing began aboard old *Gretel* and *Gretel II* a good 21 months ago, more than a year before *Southern Cross* was launched. In that time the two *Gretels* sailed more than 150 races, with plenty of having across the line. This spring, sitting in the boat shed at Yanchep on the windy edge of the Indian Ocean, Team Manager Brian Leary recalled, "It was rather intense dueling. We've had three big holes knocked out of the side of *Gretel II*, one when the steering broke on *Gretel* and she sailed through the middle of *Gretel II*, right through the gunwale and into the boat. We've knocked the bow off *Gretel II* innumerable times, to where we ceased putting it back and sailed without it."

After her launching last November *Southern Cross* got in more than 50 races against *Gretel II*. In these matches the new challenger showed she had far the better hull, reaching and running. Although she improved in the last month, *Southern Cross* was never a convincing winner to windward. Among local journalists, who were often obliged to circle like dingoes for a reliable scrap of fact, rumors were rife the crew was stale, there was friction in the afterguard and, more notably, Skipper John Cunto, despite his Olympic credentials as a Dragoner, simply could not get the big 12-meter in the groove when hard on the wind. Even if true, such rumors will not count for much in the end. Since Jim Hardy, skipper in the 1970 challenge, will be back in Newport at the helm of the trial horse, *Gretel II*, if Cunto is not able enough, Australia has the finest substitute of all time. The Australian deck apes are young, strong and resilient. After a six-week layoff while the hulls are shipped, they will go back to the same routine that reputedly made them stale, but on a new and livelier stage. At Newport they will have different waters and

easier winds, different-tasting beer and a whole new flock of birds to chase in the evening.

Grand gamblers though they are, in temperament Australians are ill-suited for any affair as drawn out as an America's Cup campaign. When the first gun sounds and the pressure is on, the Aussies square away, hell-bent for the high mark, but in the long days, weeks and months of preparation they give themselves fits. They see spies in the shadows and imagine disasters that never come to pass. They veil common fact in secrecy and blurt out indiscretions. When things are going just fine, for want of something better to do, they start bad-mouthing their own chances.

In the current Australian challenge Designer Miller and Buckler Bond are a paradoxical pair. Both are self-made men and boat lovers. Although they have invested much in the quest, Miller still has not shown the first symptom of cup sickness while Bond, to judge by published accounts, was stricken early on, and his temperature keeps rising. When he filed his challenge in 1970 *The New York Times* quoted Bond as saying that previous Aussie challengers had lacked "the basic killer instinct found in the American defenders." This past September, two months before *Southern Cross* was launched, the *Daily News* of Perth, Bond's hometown, quoted him as saying, "There are reporters coming from around the world to Yanchep to have a look. We may have to drown a few of them." According to Leary and the public relations firm handling the campaign, from the time of this dire pronouncement until *Southern Cross* shipped to Newport eight months later, no host of reporters came from overseas. By their count a total of two foreigners showed up—one Yank and one Frenchman.

According to the *Perth Sunday Times* Bond was upset because news photographers were taking the liberty of photographing his boat from helicopters as it sailed over the Indian Ocean. This past December when the U.S. *Courageous* syndicate proposed postponing the challenge a year because of the energy crisis, the press quoted Bond as saying, "It sounds like more American tactics."

But the hallucination from which Bond suffers most is that millions of Australians and Americans are agog, waiting for the grand occasion in September. On the populous east coast of Australia,

continued

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CUP FEVER *continued*

where sailing is endemic among swells and plain blokes, earlier campaigns did have good followings. When *Dove Parlor* was prepping for the second quest, there were self-appointed 12-meter experts in many a pub. But today, even in Sydney, the salty heart of Australia, America's Cupping gets a long yawn. In an average week the press has given it less notice than routine yachting.

Last winter the entire Aussie team was instructed to speak only through Leary—an order originating with Bond in part because "the syndicate has now appointed authors and publisher to produce the official book of the *Southern Cross* challenge. This publication will only enjoy appeal if we can create a certain mystique about the challenge, so that readers are intrigued into buying it to find out the inside facts." The whole tone of Bond's order suggests that the secret life of *Southern Cross* will be snatched up like *The Happy Hooker* and the Nixon transcripts. In the meantime, the Australian press may be giving Bond a lot more privacy than he anticipated.

Last month, with considerable justification, Bond did have a good multinational fight going over a novel bit of yarn called Kevlar 29. The new yarn, promising for use in sailcloth, is made only by du Pont in Richmond, Va. Bond first sought to have the International Yacht Racing Union ban use of the yarn by either side on the grounds that it was an exotic material. Turned down by the IYRU, he was considering an appeal to the High Court of England when two weeks ago the New York Yacht Club stood back from its customary position on unique U.S. products and said the fiber could be used by all comers, provided the cloth incorporating it was made at home or in a neutral country.

It has been such nit picking over fibers and other small whatnots that has largely degraded the America's Cup over the years, and the New York Yacht Club's decision is a most gracious one, and sage. In these hard-nosed times, any luxury like the America's Cup has a doubtful future. Australia has kept the game alive. France has dealt herself a hand. It is only wise to supply whatever weft or warp they need, especially to Australia, since she seems to be the only country with an endless supply of errant and quixotic knights who are willing to keep coming back indefinitely to tilt at the same impossible windmill.

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FRANK WRIGHT AND ONE OF HIS BELMONT PARK STRING

Of the 70 Triple Crown events that the Columbia Broadcasting System has telecast since 1951, none ever received as much acclaim from racing fans as this year's Preakness. For almost an entire hour, thoroughbred racing and television combined to produce an artistic achievement. Oh, there have been better races than the 1974 Preakness and perhaps better overall telecasts, too, but any time a horse sustains a drive from first place to last by squeezing his way inside a wall of competitors, as Little Current did, television has the capability of capturing the event as no other medium can. And CBS did it, eliminating for viewers the dangers that horse and rider confront in a little span not much longer than it takes to snap one's fingers a dozen times.

This Saturday CBS will telecast the Belmont Stakes. It will then do the Marlboro Cup from Belmont in September and that, as things stand now, is all the live thoroughbred racing any of the three major networks plan to deliver until the first Saturday of next May. Mention television to most people involved with racing—in TV or the sport itself—and almost immediately they begin to twitch. It is baffling that a sport which in 1973 drew 47 million people (almost 2.5 million more than major league baseball and professional basketball combined) generated more than \$4 billion in wagering and had Secretariat flying its banner can somehow manage to remain virtually invisible on the tube.

The reason there is not more racing on

television," says E. Bartly Ryan of the Jockey Club, which is supposed to be the conscience of the thoroughbred sport, "is that we continue to live in the dark ages. Racing people won't get together on anything. People in golf got their spot on television and it made golf. But I have to wonder how many people watch a classic golf match compared to a classic horse race."

Well, two times as many people saw C. Connors capture this year's Kentucky Derby on television as saw Gary Player win the Masters. But golf delivers sponsors while racing sits still. Granted, some advertisers seem to believe that anytime horses are brought into America's living rooms, rugs get dirtied, but racing's image is attributable at least partly to the lack of a sensible national TV policy. Even on local stations only New York has a weekly program of live races, and it exists only because the state's Off-Track Betting Corporation puts up some \$500,000 a year so that the grandstand bettor can see his money run.

John Forsythe (formerly television's *Bonanza*) did a racing show two years ago at Hollywood Park and says, "Horse racing is a rich tapestry. If its promoters can concentrate on the human aspect, then racing has a future. It is not enough to live in the past and say, 'We never had television before and we got along all right.' Without television today there is no way to interest the young in horse racing."

Over the years, racing shows have thrived more on experts at the public than on sports, and most of them were shills. (Who can forget ex-jockey Sammy Renick's pithy exclamation: "In what other sport can you see two horses racing through the stretch head to head?") CBS's man is Frank E. Wright and he is an active trainer of a string of 17 rankers. He is an authentic expert indeed. "I rank is made for television," a fellow trainer said last week. "He fits it as comfortably as a body fits a jacket. He seriously ought to

consider going up training for the tube."

But Wright, who will be 52 on Belmont Day, is not about to do that. "I've put 27 years into training," he says, "and it's my life. My father owned horses in Illinois, and if I got good marks in school he allowed me to work around the stables in the summer and travel with the horses. That's probably the only thing that got me through high school and college."

"I did some announcing in New York and Maryland, but it wasn't until Camerono II won the 1971 Derby that CBS asked me to do some work for them. I speak Spanish and they felt I could help with Camerono's owner, trainer and jockey, if he kept on winning. The people who tune me on TV (Wright also does 40 Saturday shows in New York in addition to his CBS stint) do not want me to fascinate the audience with my smarts. They want somebody who can talk to trainers and jockeys and explain a spot that is strange to many people. Most people have a knowledge of baseball, football or basketball. But too many have a knowledge of horses. I believe I can talk to a Ron Turcotte or Angel Cordero and get them to say something meaningful. I ought to be able to. They have had to explain things to me when I put them on one of my horses and it lost."

It was Wright's explanation of Little Current's Preakness move, using superior slow-motion replays that brought praise for CBS after a confusing Derby telecast, an unavoidable confusion considering the size of the field. The ratings for this year's Derby were higher than for Secretariat's ('54), of the sets on wire (tied in compared to '50), in 1973). The Preakness ratings, however, showed a drop from Secretariat's 45% share in Little Current's '69. Since 1952, when Hill Gail, Blin Man and One Credit split the Triple Crown and grabbed an overall 55.5% share of the audience, the public, desiring that these were the most interesting horses to watch: 1958, Tim Tam-Silks built in 154%; 1959, Lomax Lee-Sword Dancer 153.7%; 1955, Swaps-Nashua 153.4%; 1953, Native Dancer 151.4%; 1957, Don Engle-Bold Rider-Gallant Man 149.7%; 1956, Needles-Labrus 149.5%; 1973, Secretariat 149.1%; 1963, Chateaugay-Condor Sports 148.9%; 1962, Decidedly 148.2%.

Obviously, people will look at good horses if racing will allow them to.

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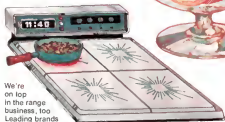
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Eff ell wyeing on the bases

Sprinter Herb Washington is off the blocks but not up to the tape yet as a pinch runner for Oakland



EYES GLUED ON DETROIT PITCHER JOHN HILLER, WASHINGTON DIGS FOR SECOND

It is with studied gravity that Chicago's Dick Allen stalks this slender Oakland rookie who has come, in the eighth inning of a cold night game in spring, to run the bases for Sal Bando. "Lord," says the moody, intimidating White Sox first baseman, squinting in sober admiration. "They say you can absolutely fly."

Herb Washington, recently of the WJIM radio sports report in Lansing, Mich., has not played baseball since his junior year in high school, seven years past. He takes a small lead. "Eff . . . ell . . . wye," he says softly, staring at the damp, sandy earth of the base path. "Fly. And I can."

Allen speaks sharply, his urgency overdone. "Gonna go? Gonna go?" But Washington reacts to the pitcher's foot leaving the rubber and gets back to the bag before the pick-off throw. Allen leans close and slides a hand down the back of Washington's left leg, from the lower hamstring to the curve of the ankle where the Achilles tendon is attached to the muscles of the calf. "I have some experience with racehorses and I know thoroughbreds," he murmurs and goes to visit with the pitcher.

Back in position behind the bag, Allen asks once more, "Goin'?"

"Bye-bye," says Washington as the pitcher begins his delivery, and suddenly he is sprinting for second. His slide is headfirst but controlled and clearly beats

the catcher's throw. He rises upon the bag, slapping dirt from his uniform, and turns toward first. Allen, shaking his head, gives him the power sign. It is Herb Washington's first major league stolen base.

It must be mentioned at this point that Washington is distinguished from your local sportscaster by his world indoor records for the 50- and 60-yard dashes (5.0 and 5.8). Yet, because the best athletes in one sport are usually spectators in others, Washington's current employment as a pinch runner for the world champion A's ought to engage the sympathies of everyone who has dreamed of uprooting one life and undertaking another.

"Taking a lead and getting a jump on a pitcher isn't really like the start of a dash in track, because trackness is rewarded here," Washington says. "It's kind of frowned on at the AAU meet. But you've got to read pitchers just like starters. Give you an example: You're on your marks. Now if the starter *rolls* the next command, like 'Schhh . . . t,' that gun is going to come quick. But if he gives you a sharp, cut off 'set,' he's going to hold you for a second and make sure everyone is still. Bill North and Campy Campanaris are helping me make a book on American League pitchers. Like that slow-talking starter, there are some who put most of the emphasis on throwing to the batter and not on holding the run-

ner close. They figure, 'If he steals, he steals. . . .'"

The primary difference between the springtime disciplines is baseball's situational, cerebral nature. "Absolutely," says Washington. "I have a world of reactions I've got to hone down to where they're instinctive." These responses, he believes, will come easily to his sprinter's consciousness. "But unlike raw sprinting, now I've got to adjust my behavior to what's happening around me. If there's a pitchout and I'm coming into second at the same time as the ball, I dive away from the bag's outside corner and reach in with my left arm so there is more of a swing for the second baseman to make, but if it's a sacrifice or a ground ball I bear straight into the man." Sometimes Washington pauses in these earnest self-instructionals and an expression of wonderment passes across his face. "I haven't dreamed about running bases yet as I have about close sprint finishes," he says, "but if I do it will probably be about charging home when the catcher is blocking the plate. I weigh 165, I've asked myself, 'What are you going to do, Herb?' You sure don't slide headfirst into those shin guards and knees. If you're going to be out you might as well try to run him over. . . . It'd be nice if I did that . . . and it worked." The imagined predicament is still distant, dreamy. Washington has not become accustomed to every aspect of his transition.



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BASEBALL

But then it only began this past March, when, switching off the microphone after a noon sports report, he was handed a message to phone Charles O. Finley. Sure it was a studio test, he returned the call. "When he told me what he had in mind I could not have been more surprised," Washington says. "Not if the Milwaukee Bucks wanted me for their last break."

Washington had all but signed a football contract, the more conventional professional route for track men, with a WFL team, but flew to Chicago to discuss Finley's idea. "I admit I was uncertain, given what I'd heard about the man, yet I came away impressed. He said he thought my speed could be instrumental in winning five to 10 games over the course of a season."

When Washington joined the A's training camp in Mesa, Ariz., two weeks remained before the season opener. Maury Wills, season record holder for stolen bases with 104, was retained to impart the running lore that Washington now repeats to himself. "My sliding was just terrible," Washington recalls. "I mean it would make you squint and squirm to watch. If I hadn't had Maury I'd have ruined myself. He got me gloves with padding over the heels of the hands and taught me the headfirst slide, which I'll use for a while, but I've nearly perfected my hook slide. It's something to know you're going nearly 25 mph and that you've got to dive into the ground there. You have to make up your mind. The times people get hurt, they've been indecisive, but when you've got strawberries all over your lower body . . . it's hard to fling yourself down." Before each game now, the A's trainer takes padding over pink, half-dollar-size abrasions above Washington's knees.

There were some mild pratfalls at Mesa. "Going first to third is not quite the same as running the turn in a 220," Washington said after tripping over second and rolling into shallow left field. But in what could have been confusing surroundings, he steadfastly held his cool. "I came as the best at what I was doing," he says in partial explanation. "Since this is an experiment, you can't compare me to a rookie who's up from the minors and finds himself on a team with his boyhood heroes. I look at Reggie Jackson, Rolfe Fingers, Vida Blue as people I've read about on the wire—with curiosity rather than awe." Another fac-

tor is the emotional control necessary for success in his first sport. "Sprinters have to develop an impervious shell of confidence," he says. "At 18 I was running 60s against gentlemen like Charlie Greene, John Carlos, Mel Pender. I was forced to mature, to relax under pressure, just to survive. If you couldn't protect yourself that way, those guys had you in their hip pocket."

In his first three games Washington was asked not to run, but simply to take a modest lead and savor the atmosphere of the major leagues. "Because of that I wasn't nearly as nervous as at the Olympic Trials. Now, however, everyone in the park knows what I'm in there for, to steal. That makes it difficult: it intensifies the satisfaction, or makes for a long, hot-eared walk to the dugout." His conclusion: "Baseball is no harder to take, mentally, and the paychecks on the first and 15th are even better than those under the table in track."

Yet he has not turned from thoughts of sprinting. "There is a wisdomfulness," he says. "The only thing I didn't do was make an Olympic team, but until last year [when he ran 9.2 and was third-ranked in the world at 100 yards] my outdoor sprinting wasn't good in relation to my indoor. So I was somewhat disappointed. I would have liked a share of that record for the 100."

Now, however, he dwells on the idiosyncrasies of his new world. How long he should warm up, for instance. At Mesa, Catfish Hunter said, "Hurricane, by the time you get warmed up, the game will be over."

"There are men—Bando, Jackson, Rudi—I won't run for unless they're injured," says Washington. "But if they are batting I'll go run the steps to the clubhouse to be ready for the next inning. I'm charged with bringing sunflower seeds down to the dugout on my fourth- and seventh-inning warmups. All baseball players," he says, somewhat mysteriously, "have an overabundance of saliva."

Oakland Manager Alvin Dark says, "We're asking a lot of Herb. This is a tough job even for men who have played baseball all their lives. But we have a great kid to try it with. We're hoping."

By last weekend the fulfillment of Washington's new career still lay in the realm of hope. He had appeared in 31 games and scored five runs, but he had stolen only four bases, had been picked

continued

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BASEBALL

off base twice and had been out stealing five times. And though the A's announcers had saluted Washington's speed extravagantly, Washington obviously still is learning his craft.

"Herb is a gambler," says Olympic hurdler Willie Davenport, who played cards with Washington on the indoor circuit and on AAU tours. "He's the kind of guy who can shake up his life and get results. I remember when everybody was saying he was just an indoor runner. He threw down his cards one night and said, 'I'm gonna show 'em. I'll be an outdoor sprinter.' And he did—10.1 for 100 meters and a win over Steve Williams two weeks after Williams tied the world record. I'm reminded, as I was when Bob Seagren won the Superstars thing, that track and field is the source of some fine athletes. I hope this thing goes for the opportunity it would create for other sprinters."

Washington will acquiesce to that reasoning, but he does not conceive of himself as being in the van. "Somewhere down the line," he says, "I learned that to be good at something you just have to work away at the fundamentals until you get them right. I took 20 starts a day until my starting technique was as good as anyone's. I don't think of myself as a groundbreaker, or Walter Murty, or anything but a perfectionist taking up a challenge." Clearly there is dignity in that, even when sliding on your face in the dirt.

THE WEEK

(May 24-June 1)

by JOE JAROS

NL EAST

Thanks to Philadelphia's 1-5 week, St. Louis slipped into first place by the margin of a Joe Torre whacker (the hirsute Joe could spare one); to be exact, by .001. The team has come to be known as the St. Louis Red Sox since the trade that brought Sonny Seibert, Lynn McGlothen and Reggie Smith from Boston. Seibert was at 5-3, with all four decisions at home winning ones. McGlothen was 7-2 and Smith was hitting .375. This week Smith had 10 hits in 22 times up, including three home runs, five doubles and eight RBIs. St. Louis was 4-2 for the week even though ace base thief Lou Brock sat it out with a shoulder injury.

Backup Catcher Bob Sison was responsible for Montreal's third win over a West-

ern Division club in 14 days. His three-run pinch-hit homer at the ninth inning tied Saturday night's Atlanta game, setting the stage for Ken Singleton's winning hit in the 10th.

New York stopper Tom Seaver was hit hard in Cincinnati, giving up four runs in the first two innings, but he came back Saturday in Shea Stadium to defeat Houston 3-1, allowing five hits and striking out 11. Manager Yogi Berra had said, "There's nothing wrong with Seaver physically. He's just in a slump like hitters sometimes have." Chicago's season-long infield blues were sung louder after Matt Alexander, who had done an able job filling in at third base, pulled a leg muscle Saturday in a 10-0 loss to L.A. Inability to hit in the clutch was another problem. An additional wee: pitching. That, said Vice-President John Holland, "has been our biggest problem of all."

Pittsburgh was winning at last, thanks in part to the power of First Baseman Bob Robertson, who had been used intermittently because of anemic hitting. Back into the lineup, he smashed six home runs in six games.

ST. L. 30-22 PHIL 30-22 MONT 21-20
NY 21-22 CHI 18-28 PIT 18-27

NL WEST

The Dodgers continued to pound National League pitching as if they were adults playing Little League. Willie Crawford drove in two runs and scored three against the Giants. Ken McMullen and Joe Ferguson hit two-run homers as part of a 20-hit barrage in St. Louis. Bill Russell, Bill Buckner and Rick Auerbach got nine of the Dodgers' 15 hits in a game at Chicago, and the next day Ron Cey, playing before a cluster of his wife's relatives in Wrigley Field, had two home runs and a single for seven RBIs. He also had hit four singles in one game earlier in the week. And what did Manager Walter Alston think of his offense? "I guess it's the best we've ever had," he said.

Cincinnati enjoyed a 5-1 week, but still strangled L.A. by eight games. However, Pete Rose was not relishing his role as a villain in enemy ball parks, nor was he happy about his bawling slump. He ended the latter in a three-game series with the Mets, getting five hits in 12 at bats in a Reds sweep. Atlanta was keeping up with Cincy, and the reason, said Ralph Garr, was, "Our pitchers just ain't giving nobody no respect." True, the Braves' staff gave up only two runs in 30 innings against Phillie, but Garr himself was a principal reason for Atlanta's good showing. He continued to lead the league in batting average (.389) and has (82) but not modestly. "As a player, there really ain't nobody you can compare me with."

Houston had a nice 4-1 week, taking three

straight from Montreal and routing New York's Jerry Koosman. Cesar Cedeño was 2 for 4 against the Expos Thursday, 4 for 5 versus the Mets Friday and hit his 11th home run (off Tom Seaver) on Saturday.

After San Francisco lost to the Cubs 12-4, Manager Charlie Fox called a squad meeting and passed out some dunce-cap awards for stupid base running, lack of hustle and general ineptitude. Randy Moffitt pitched three scoreless innings for his 12th save, which is pretty good under the stricter save definition this year. San Diego was 0-6 for the week, was held scoreless in three games and, through Saturday, had lost 21 of its last 25. "People are asking me if I'm losing weight," said Manager John McNamara. "My face always starts to look drawn when things are going like this."

LA 27-16 CIN 27-20 ATL 22-22
HOUS 27-25 SF 27-26 SO 28-27

AL EAST Milwaukee stumbled to a 3-3 week but managed to stay within half a game of Boston, 533 to .542. Worst stumble of all was Second Baseman Pedro Garcia, who forgot to wear his sunglasses in the second inning of a game against Oakland, dropped two pop-ups and gave the A's three unearned runs. Shades would not have helped Boston Pitcher Rick Wise. His wife accidentally closed a door on his pecking hand, breaking a finger and putting him out of action at least two weeks.

Cleveland needed the lift of Gaylord Perry's eighth win (against Texas) because the news elsewhere was bad. Third Baseman Buddy Bell, bothered by a sore knee he hurt playing basketball last winter, was put on the 21-day disabled list—and he might be out of action much longer. "Something is wrong there for sure," said the team physician. Second bulletin from the medical ward: First Baseman John Ellis out for about a month, fractured foot. Baltimore, 1-6 for the week, had a hospital case, too. Sore-armed Jim Palmer received a cortisone shot in his elbow. "I guess I'll have to meet the team at the airport when they return home," said Palmer. "I'll have to earn my money some way." However, Oriole Pitcher Mike Cuellar has won six in a row and the weather still isn't Cuba-warm, the way he really prefers it to be.

New York traded much-criticized Second Baseman Horace Clarke to the much-criticized San Diego Padres and moved Bobby Murcer from center to right field. Elliott Maddox taking over the posture where DiMaggio and Mantle played. Said Manager Bill Virdon, "... Maddox could be one of the best centerfielders in baseball. It depends on how he hits." On Saturday, Murcer hit his first home run in six weeks. Maddox was

hitting .313. Detroit's Mickey Lolich won his fourth straight game, 2-1 over Cleveland, but the Angels beat him next time out.

BOX 28-22 MIL 24-21 CLEV 23-28
NY 24-27 BALY 22-26 DET 22-25

AL WEST Oakland, perhaps thinking how much fun it would be to have a Freeway Series with the Dodgers, matched L.A.'s 5-4 record for the week, inspiring Manager Alvin Dark to say, "This club is now playing the way I had heard they play." Reggie Jackson's 15-game hitting streak ended when he was hitting .404, he was at .387 at week's end. Vida Blue was helped by six runs in a win over the Tigers, but he was a power unto himself Saturday, striking out 10 Brewers and allowing six hits in a 4-1 victory.

Kansas City Manager Jack McKeon was asked at a luncheon why his team did not use the squeeze play more. "There are two or three guys I'd want to use on the squeeze," he said, "but they happen to be the same guys I would like to see up there to hit when we need to get a run in." That night one of them, Cookie Rojas, came up in the 11th inning with the bases loaded and homered. Bruce Dal Canton pitched two five-innings with his new knuckleball, winning one.

With the likes of Carlos May, Dick Allen, Bill Melton and Ron Santo, Chicago was supposed to be a powerhouse at the plate this season. But May has yet to hit a homer, Allen is off to a slow start, and Melton and Santo are batting .237 and .228 respectively. Still, Wilbur Wood won his sixth victory in his last seven starts, aided by Allen's two-run homer and a solo shot by Melton, and the Sox were only 3½ games back of the A's. In Texas, Manager Billy Martin lost his footing twice in a maelstrom with Cleveland, a new experience for the brawler from Berkeley. A club-record 39,269 people showed up on Sat night to see the Rangers beat Baltimore 4-2. Attendance is up 160,000 over last year, and fighting is not the reason. Talent is. Pitcher Jim Bibby, one who has it, beat Cleveland and Baltimore with strong performances.

California had a fight, too, a costly one. Outfielder Bobby Valentine tangled with Milwaukee Pitcher Clyde Wright, an ex-teenmaker, and dislocated his left shoulder. He will be out of action two or three weeks. LeRoy Stanton came back from the disabled list, got three hits and raised his average to .413. The Twins' Rod Carew got two or more hits in four games to stay over .400. Even Carew himself now says he has a chance to be the first major-leaguer since Ted Williams in 1941 to hit .400 for a season.

OAK 28-21 KC 28-23 TEX 28-24
CIN 22-22 CAL 24-26 MIN 25-24

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Back again—and hungry

Some folks feared that the weakfish had swum off into semi-extinction, but now they are here, sizable as ever and biting as never before

The scene at Brandywine Shoal light-house—out near the mouth of Delaware Bay and seven miles off Cape May, N.J.—looks like a reenactment of the evacuation of Dunkirk. Collected there are small aluminum cartoppers risking dangerous seas from the Atlantic, sport-fishermen with their high-rise tuna towers and grumpy old party boats. At daybreak there may be 100 of them, and at moon on a weekday there may be 1,000, some from as far away as Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland. On a weekend the bay is jammed with several thousand boats, so close together that it seems possible to walk from one to the other all the way to the rock jetty around the light-house. Anglers are casting their plugs, jigs and cut bait of mackerel and squid in every direction, and lines frequently become entangled. "Panic City" is the name that startled observers have applied to the vast, milling assemblage out of sight of land and, apparently, out of mind.

The boats and the fishermen are drawn to Brandywine Light by what Lou Rodia calls "the biggest run of weakfish ever, with the biggest fish in the memory of anyone alive." Rodia, happy flack for Cape May County and columnist for the *Astorian's News*, a weekly for zealots, should know; the world-record weakfish, a monster of 17 pounds, eight ounces, was caught near Cape May in 1944. What makes the present run especially remark-

able is that until a few years ago weakfish were just about given up as semi-extinct. An angler who caught a couple of two- or three-pounders was followed down the street back home by admiring colleagues, and that solid reference work, *McClure's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia*, published in 1965, made wistful reference to the 11- and 12-pound lunkers of the past, noting that "the era of those large weakfish appears to be over."

Not so, now. Off Cape May, fishermen are throwing huck the three-pounders and heading for port laden with fish that run from four to 10 pounds. Occasional fish run up to 13 pounds. The biggest weighed in so far at the annual Cape May tournament was taken last week and hit 12½ pounds, not bad considering that the fish will be around, feeding and growing, until October or November, when they migrate deep offshore.

Ranking close in popular esteem in Eastern waters to the unpredictable striped bass and the voracious bluefish, the weakfish is slender and shapely, its back burnished with purple, green and gold, its flanks dappled with spots. The term "weakfish" reflects no lack of gameness but refers instead to the very soft and tender mouth parts that easily shed a hook. For every weakfish caught, one or two escape.

Relatively little is known about the life cycle of this valuable sport and food fish, but according to Stuart J. Walk, a biol-

ogist with the Sandy Hook Laboratory of the National Marine Fisheries Service, there may be two or three main contingents roaming up and down the Atlantic Coast from Florida to Massachusetts. Weakfish generally travel north in the spring in schools of similarly sized fish, and aggregations of schools may extend "over tens of square miles along the coast," says Walk. The fish supposedly spawn in the spring and early summer near the mouths of estuaries, notably Pamlico Sound in North Carolina, Chesapeake Bay and Delaware Bay, and the young use the estuaries as nurseries.

In the late 1950s the abundant schools up and down the coast suddenly went into sharp decline, and hundreds of thousands of anglers were forced to look for other fish. Although weakfish have historically been subject to cyclical fluctuations in population, nothing like this slump had ever been recorded. Part of the blame fell on trawlers netting so-called "trash" fish off the Carolina coast for the pet food industry; these vessels swept up huge numbers of the young, which were pulverized for the house cats of America. Other factors, like the environment and the effects of predation, were also at work. Says biologist Myron Silverman of the Sandy Hook lab, "Bluefish are big predators of weakfish, but in the last few years bluefish have been further offshore in the spring, which might have allowed young weakfish to survive. Then there are the factors of weather and the temperature of the water. If the weakfish spawn at just the right time, and the weather and the temperature are right and predation is low, the young should survive in large numbers."

Whatever happened, the unusual 15-year decline was suddenly replaced by exceptional resurgence. In Sandy Hook Bay the commercial catch of weakfish jumped from 13,570 pounds in 1970 to 312,712 pounds last year. This year the poundage should be much higher. The weakfish being caught now are the products of successful spawnings three to five years ago.

Anglers have been quick to seize the opportunity. Dewey Powell, a gas-station owner in Ocean City, N.J., and his pal Dick Wood, an ad man for two tackle companies—Gudebrod and Lew Childre—are striped bass enthusiasts, but in recent weeks they have taken time off from stripers to go after weakfish in Delaware Bay. "This fishing is a pure bonus

for us," said Powell one dawn last week as he headed his 20-foot Sea Craft out toward Brandywine Light from Cape May. Two days before, he and Wood had boated 200 weakfish ranging from five to nine pounds. The fish ate up jigs on the bottom, hit at mid-depth and finally struck with a frenzy, during a tumultuous ebb tide, at surface plugs. "You'd throw a plug out," said Wood, "have a weakie whack it, and there would be 15 to 20 more fish following alongside right up to the boat. That's the time to break out a fly rod."

At Brandywine Light, Powell eased in between boats and dropped anchor. The tide was flooding, white water splashed on the rocks and Powell and Wood began casting white bucktail jigs attached to a snap swivel up to the jetty. A weakfish has two large canine teeth in the roof of its mouth that can sever a line without a swivel. The jigs, shaped like a football and weighing an ounce and a quarter each, were allowed to drop to the

bottom below the jetty, where they bounced and swirled in the current. The weakfish were feeding on spearing, a slender, silvery baitfish, and hopefully the buffeted jigs resembled crippled spearings. The weakfish struck even before the retrieve, and in half an hour Powell and Wood landed a dozen weighing four to five pounds. "We don't use cut bait on the jig," Powell said. "That's what most of these other fishermen are using because that's what they think they have to do. We're doing what we'd do for stripers in some situations, and these weakfish will just gobble the jig right up."

After prowling up the bay a bit, searching for bigger fish, they returned to the light and let the boat drift in a rip. This time Powell and Wood snapped on three-quarter-ounce ball-shaped jigs. Letting the jigs sink to the bottom, 20 feet down, they began gentle retrieves, lifting the lures perhaps a foot and then allowing them to fall back. More often than not, a weakfish would grab a jig as it sank on

the cast or when it fell back in the retrieve, and by the time the boat had drifted up to the light in the now ebbing tide, the anglers had landed 15 fish, the largest six or seven pounds.

Wood, with a stiff bait-casting rod and Dacron line, took more than Powell, who was using a spinning rod with 12-pound-test monofilament. "There is a stretch to mono," Wood said, "and after you feel the strike and go to set the hook, the fish might be gone." Finally, with 30 fish in the box and the wind kicking up, they agreed to call it a day.

Back at the launch they expressed mock chagrin at their catch, but Lou Rodin, who had followed along most of the day in another boat, said in all truth, even for a flack who happens to be a fisherman, "In a lifetime, you may see this kind of fishing only once. I've been fishing for 30 years, and I've never seen anything like this anywhere, anytime." Hopefully, this will prove to be only the beginning, not the end.

END

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Cruyff may be more than enuyff

Johan Cruyff has made Barcelona hot stuff, but can he give the World Cup to Holland? Stay tuned

Once upon a time a ruthless Spanish king ruled over friendly Holland, and the Dutch, hating his domination, rose in revolt. But the mean old king sent an even meaner old general, the Duke of Alba, to repress the revolt, which he tried to do by killing an awful lot of inoffensive Dutch. It has taken Holland 400 years to wreak its revenge upon the Duke of Alba, but it has finally succeeded—bloodlessly. A Dutch king now reigns over Spain. He is Johan Cruyff, who many feel is the greatest soccer player in the history of the

sport, the legendary Pele notwithstanding. Even worse for Spain, Cruyff will return to Holland and represent his own nation when World Cup play begins June 13.

Cruyff, Johan. Born, 25 April 1947. Married, three children. Height, 5'8". Weight, 146 pounds. Current team, Club de Futbol de Barcelona. Position, center forward. Dutch football Player of the Year, 1967, 1968, 1969. European football Player of the Year, 1971, 1973 (second man to win the award twice). Member, Dutch national team in World Cup competition, 1974. With an income of around \$400,000 per year, the highest-paid professional in European (and quite possibly world) soccer.

But this curriculum vitae tells as much about Johan Cruyff as the Manhattan telephone directory says about New York City. To understand the Cruyff phenomenon you have to watch the man in action, witness the dazzling effect of his reactive powers, his speed, his balletic footwork, his strategic and tactical command of the playing field. But more than this, you have to hear overflowing Barcelona Stadium resound as one voice, cheering on their imported hometown hero. You have to watch the protective and really tender way he is treated by the directors and coaches, his trainers, and especially by his teammates. "Johan is that lucky athlete who has found his time and his place," says Barca's manager, Armando Caraben. Cruyff is more straight-

forward. "Do you miss your home in Holland?" he is asked. "Barcelona is my home," comes the reply. "I am happy here."

For Cruyff's glory is Barcelona's. The team, the city and the man became inextricably linked when Barca bought him from Ajax of Amsterdam in 1973. There was risk involved. There was no guarantee Cruyff might not turn out to be as ill-suited for Spanish soccer as West German midfielder Gunter Netzer and Argentine winger Oscar Mas, both of whom are ending disappointing seasons with Real of Madrid. But where Real's owners may cry into their sangria over the \$600,000 and \$288,000 shelled out for Netzer and Mas, it would have been hemlock time at Barca headquarters if the Cruyff gamble failed. To wit, the Club de Futbol de Barcelona paid \$2½ million to acquire Cruyff. He is not called "El Holandés de Oro" for nothing.

The only thing that could justify such an expenditure, not to mention amortize it, would be success. Lots of it. And that is exactly what Barca got. To understand what Cruyff did for Barcelona, you must keep in mind where the club was when the Flying Dutchman made his debut on the last Sunday of October '73—fourth from the bottom of the 18-club first-division league.

Barca is one of the oldest soccer clubs in Spain, probably the richest and surely the one with the most pride, reflecting as it does the strong Catalan linguistic and regional independence. It has been a source of unending frustration and disappointment to its owners and to the people of Barcelona that Barca usually came out on the losing end in its rivalry with the two Madrid teams, Real and Atletico—symbols of Spanish centralism and Francoist authority. At best the club would end up second or third in the league. Then two years ago the directors decided to fund a renaissance of Barcelona soccer. In a masterstroke they lured away Europe's greatest coach, Rinus Michels, the Dutch cleanser from Ajax of Amsterdam. It was not spoken of at the time, but by this coup Barca also hoped to obtain several of Michels' best players at Ajax—most notably Johan Cruyff, who was known to relish money and adulation. (Holland has its favorite soccer stars, but Dutch reserve is an iceberg compared to the frenzy with which the Catalans worship Cruyff.) Last summer an 11-year ban against importing foreign



CRUYFF (RIGHT) HAS REPLACED THE RETIRED PELE AS THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYER

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players was lifted by the Spanish soccer league, and Barca lunged for Cruyff. As it turns out, there was never the slightest question that he wished to move to Barcelona. Not only was Michels already there, not only did Danny (Johan's wife) much prefer the balmy Costa Brava to rainy Holland, not only were the Spanish offering him vastly more money (and moneymaking opportunities), but Johan surely sensed what one journalist wrote: "In Amsterdam Cruyff was a prince, here he is a god."

So it was that Cruyff arrived in Barcelona one fine day last fall. The club's directors did not have to hold their collective breath very long before their gamble started paying off. At an exhibition match early in September, Cruyff's presence enhanced the gate by 25%. He played brilliantly, scoring twice, assisting on three other goals and leading Barca to a 6-0 rout of a Belgian team.

Cruyff made his debut for Barca in league competition in late October, when the team was fourth from the bottom

with only two wins and three draws in eight games. From that moment commenced a victory march that had not been seen since Attila the Hun swept across Europe. In more than five months of high season play El Club de Futbol de Barcelona did not lose a single match, racking up 26 consecutive victories or draws and clinching the league championship seven weeks before the season was over. Sweetest of all was the win over Real of Madrid in early March, and it was more gratifying than anyone dared hope. Barca won 5-0, and on the Madrileños home ground, no less.

Undeniably, Cruyff was most responsible for Barca's transformation. Individually, he was spectacular: 16 goals and dozens of assists, making him the third highest scorer in Spain. "But it went so much beyond his ability to score," teammate Carlo Rexach says. Hugo Sotil, another teammate, agrees. "Johan revolutionized our team. He directed us on the field. I have played against the best. Against Pelé himself, but Cruyff is as

good, if not better, than Pelé at his peak."

Cruyff cannot explain how he does what he does. "I just play football." But wherefrom his uncanny anticipation of the next move and countering it? "I watch closely and I imagine what will happen next." Which is about as helpful as what Nijinsky said when asked how he managed to soar so magnificently: "Well, I just leap into the air and pause a moment before coming down."

At 27, Cruyff is slender, oddly handsome and very boyish looking; in conversation he is serious, even intense. Around him swirls a bevy of adoring trainers and teammates, patting him on the back and inquiring as to his well-being. Amidst the euphoria it is hard to know just how good Cruyff is. Is he really that brilliant a field tactician, or is Spanish soccer simply not used to the intricate, preplanned strategies of Northern Europeans? Perhaps the answer will come in Munich next month. Holland is not one of the favorites, but with Johan Cruyff in the fore, who can tell? **END**

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Italy, the host country and defending titlist at the 20th World Bridge Team Championship, allowed its challengers a glimpse of the Bermuda Bowl, but it was only a brief one. At a victory banquet in Venice's posh Lido Casino following the tournament last week, the coveted trophy was once again claimed by the Italians. Giorgio Belladonna, Benito Garozzo and Pietro Forquet, all members of Italy's famed Blue Team, had proved in the final that a hand that includes three Blues is enough to beat four Aces and a pair of Canadians, which is what North America's bridge forces had pinned their hopes on.

This is Italy's 12th Bermuda Bowl victory and 15th world title since the Blue Team began competing in 1957. France won the World Team Olympiad in 1960, and in 1970 and 1971, when no member of the Blue Team played, North America's Aces brought home the bowl. Although this year's Italian victory came by the comparatively low margin of 29 international match points, one can only wonder when—if ever—the seemingly unbeatable Blues will begin to lose their finesse. Belladonna, Garozzo and Forquet gave a scintillating performance, aided only in part by Benito Bianchi, Soldano de Falco and Arturo Franco.

Six teams entered the double round robin that began this year's tournament. For three of them the outcome of this five-day grind was virtually a foregone conclusion. Italy, North America and Brazil needed only to go through the motions to qualify for the semifinals. On the other hand, New Zealand, making its bow as the representative of the recently created Australasian zone of the World Bridge Federation, did what could be expected of a team with no previous world championship experience—it finished last. So the only question was whether Indonesia, the Far East champion, or France, representing Europe because Italy was appearing as the defender, would gain the fourth position. Indonesia succeeded only to lose heavily to Italy in the semifinals, while North America easily defeated Brazil. So, just as it has in all but three of the last 15 world championships, the battle for the bowl came down to Italy vs. North America—or in this case, Aces Bobby Wolff, Bob Hamman, Bobby Goldman and Mark Bluementhal reinforced by Canadian stars Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela.

No way to beat the Blues

Four Aces and two top Canadians couldn't do it, even though only half—albeit the stronger half—of Italy's distinguished Blue Team played

Going into the 96-deal final, the hopes of nonplaying captain Ira Corn were high. His team had beaten Italy in one of its two round-robin matches, giving North America a two-point advantage to carry into the final. But that very slight edge was more than erased on the first deal when the Italians won six IMPs. For a while the match remained close, but then Italy began forging the "comfortable" 48-IMP lead it held before the last 32-deal session. That was when Wolff-Hamman, winners of the 1974 World Open Pair Championship, and Murray-Kehela caught fire. The three Blues plus Bianchi, who had been playing throughout the final—de Falco and Franco sat it out—failed to score a single IMP on the next 10 boards as the North Americans staged a 43-point blitz, cutting the Italians' lead to a precarious five. Onlookers wondered if the time had come when Italy could no longer win with only three of its stars.

But the gates were slammed shut as the Blues once again displayed the superior slam bidding that has distinguished their performances for 10, these many years. In the end, their final margin of 29 points was a clear, if not so overwhelming, mark of victory.

The standard of play on both sides was high. However, the brilliant exploits of the world champions have been set forth so often before that it may not be amiss to chronicle a hand that was amusing—at least to the large majority of Italians watching the play via Vu-Graph. When the following deal appeared on the screen, Italian rooters were gloomily aware that Forquet and Bianchi had taken a phantom sacrifice, going down 800 points at five clubs doubled against Murray-Kehela's four-spade contract, which could not have been made. This minus score appeared to augur a hand-size swing for the North Americans, even if Wolff, one of the world's leading players, went down a trick

at three no trump. But things happened.

With only four top tricks in the major suits, Wolff needed five club tricks to bring home his contract. East had opened the bidding; West had made a weak bid based on a long suit. So Wolff elected to finesse the 10 of clubs after winning the first spade. This lost to the jack and a spade continuation knocked out declarer's last stopper. Dummy was entered with the ace of hearts and the club finesse was repeated. It was a play that was called for by the bidding, but it was not exactly a success. Belladonna, with his virtual bust, wound up collecting

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH			
♥	A		
♦	5 6 5 4		
♣	9 3 2		
♠	10 6 5 3		
WEST			
♠	J 10 9 8 7 6 2		
♥	10 7 3		
♦	10		
♣	K J		
SOUTH			
♠	K Q		
♥	K 9		
♦	J 8 5 4		
♣	A Q 9 4 2		

EAST (Garozzo)	SOUTH (Wolff)	WEST (Belladonna)	NORTH (Hamman)
1 ♠	1 NT	2 ♠	3 NT
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: jack of spades

seven tricks against three no trump. East's top diamonds took three more and the 800-point loss was reduced to a net deficit of only 200 as South went down six!

Later on, the usually conservative Forquet, playing East on the deal shown on the next page, let the opponents escape from a trap and lost 750 points instead of collecting a quiet 200 against four hearts not doubled as the North American East-West pair had done in the closed room. Sammy Kehela, East at the other

continued

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table, had observed the axiom: "Never disturb the contract when you have the opponents where you want them." Perhaps Forquet judged that the opponents would also be in trouble at four spades. He might even have beaten that contract had he been on lead and able to give Bianchi two heart ruffs. As it was, Goldeman, holding three-card support for his partner's known five-card suit and with prospects of shedding heart losers on his diamonds, retreated to victory.

North-South vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH			
♠	A 7 6		
♥	J 8 3 2		
♦	K Q J 2		
♣	A 8		
WEST			
♠	10 9 3		
♥	A 10 9 5 3		
♦	Q 7 5 4 2		
EAST			
♠	A 4		
♥	Q 10 9 7 5		
♦	8 6		
♣	J 10 6 3		
SOUTH			
♠	K Q 8 5 2		
♥	A K 6 4		
♦	7 4		
♣	K 9		
EAST (Forquet)			
♠	10 9 3		
♥	A 10 9 5 3		
♦	Q 7 5 4 2		
♣	J 10 6 3		
SOUTH (Blumenthal)			
♠	K Q 8 5 2		
♥	A K 6 4		
♦	7 4		
♣	K 9		
WEST (Blanch)			
♠	10 9 3		
♥	A 10 9 5 3		
♦	Q 7 5 4 2		
♣	J 10 6 3		
EAST (Goldeman)			
♠	A 4		
♥	Q 10 9 7 5		
♦	8 6		
♣	J 10 6 3		

Opening lead: ace of diamonds

After winning the ace of diamonds, West continued the suit. Dummy won and a spade was led. Forquet hopped in with the ace and led a heart. A high heart by Blumenthal would have been fatal, but the double of hearts was also the tip-off in spades. He played low and West ruffed. West's diamond return killed one discard when East ruffed and South over-ruffed. But one discard was all declarer needed and, after trumps had been drawn, dummy's remaining diamond enabled South to chalk up his doubled contract for a gain of 14 IMPs. It was not enough.

It can be said that the American contingent salvaged some pride, however. A hastily assembled American women's squad upset Italy's European and World Olympiad women's team champions by 35 IMPs in an exhibition match. Dorothy Hayden Truscott, Emma Jean Hawes, Carol Sanders, Betty Ann Kennedy, Marietta Paveil and Bette Cohn took the Venice Trophy, which some day become the women's equivalent of the Bermuda Bowl.

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13. WCAE Release 1-1-1(a), 1-2-1(a) and 1-1-2(b) -- (1) At the an official campus visit, a prospective student-athlete was an airline transportation to his home and then to the site of college in which he was enrolled through the arrangements of the University's athletic interests; (2) a test basketball coach and as the expense of the University's basketball coaching staff arranged for a representative of the University's basketball coaching staff to travel with the student-athlete to travel via commercial airlines, to his at the expense of the University and a representative of the city's athletic interests.

14. WCAE Release 1-1-1(a), 1-2-1(a) and 1-1-2(b) -- An assistant basketball coach arranged airline transportation for a friend of a prospective student-athlete to visit the University's campus, the expense was assumed as a bad debt by a representative of the University's athletic interests.

15. WCAE Release 1-1-1(a), 1-2-1(a) and 1-1-2(b) -- A prospective student-athlete was a camp conducted on the University's campus by an assistant basketball coach; (1) the student-athlete was employed in a summer sports camp; (2) the student-athlete was employed through the arrangements of a former head basketball coach.

16. WCAE Release 1-1-1(a), 1-2-1(a) and 1-1-2(b) -- The prospective student-athlete and remained in the Long Beach area during the summer months without charge to the University's athletic interests.

17. WCAE Release 1-1-1(a), 1-2-1(a) and 1-1-2(b) -- The former head basketball coach arranged for a prospective student-athlete to travel with the University's campus, for approximately three months.

18. WCAE Release 1-1-1(a), 1-2-1(a) and 1-1-2(b) -- A prospective student-athlete was employed as a basketball coach for approximately three months and remained in the Long Beach area during the summer months without charge to the University's athletic interests.



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427:

A CASE IN POINT

Violations of athletic policies and proprieties proved the ruin of sport at Long Beach State. A study of men and motives that raises uneasy questions about the games colleges play today

by RAY KENNEDY

Case No. 427 (Confidential Report No. 78 [I] by the National Collegiate Athletic Association Committee on Infractions to the NCAA Council) began quietly, if ominously, enough on Oct. 4, 1972 with a form letter from NCAA Assistant Executive Director Warren Brown to Long Beach State President Stephen Horn. The key passage read: "This letter is a preliminary indication of a possible inquiry into the athletic practices and policies of California State College, Long Beach."

In the succeeding months two NCAA investigators periodically appeared on the Long Beach campus for what they called "visits" with several basketball and football players. All-America Ed Ratleff, quizzed for an hour about possible illegal offers made by the basketball staff, recalls: "I told them, 'Look, I don't have anything to tell you. Why don't you go over to UCLA or some other school where they have money and talk to them?'"

Quarterback Randy Drake, summoned from the practice field and ushered into an office while still in full uni-

continued

Figures (Coach Jerry Tarkenton, left; Roscoe Pondexter, right) and fragments in puzzle.

form, pronounced himself "insulted" by the tenor of the questioning and clomped out the door with helmet in hand. Word went around that, as one beaming player put it upon emerging from the interrogation room, "everybody and everything is cool at Long Beach."

The investigation, however, not only continued but broadened. Soon there were accounts of NCAA investigators talking to relatives and friends of players, to high school coaches, playground directors, bankers, teachers, girl friends, landlords, boosters, lawyers and handwriting analysts. NCAA investigators, it was reported, were asking hard questions about Long Beach State in New York, Detroit, San Francisco, Phoenix, St. Louis, Las Vegas, East Rutherford, N.J., Hattiesburg, Miss., Ypsilanti, Mich. and the Los Angeles County Jail. They were scrutinizing credit-card receipts, test scores, foundation budgets, car registrations, checking accounts, travel vouchers, grade transcripts, bank loans and motel records. They were, it was whispered, talking to *everybody*. They were probing into *everything*.

Still, the feeling prevailed that Long Beach State was clean, that at worst the NCAA sleuths might turn up a minor infraction or two. But just in case, whenever the subject of the NCAA investigation was seriously broached, some coaches and boosters began secretly tape-recording their conversations.

On April 1, 1973, after five seasons at Long Beach State, Basketball Coach Jerry Tarkanian accepted "a long-standing offer that is too good to refuse" and left for a new coaching job at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas.

Four days later Warren Brown sent another letter to President Horn. The key passage read: "The allegations and charges have been investigated and appear to be of sufficient substance to warrant an official inquiry."

On Jan. 1, 1974, making good on "a promise I made to my wife two years ago," Football Coach Jim Stangland resigned after his fifth season at Long Beach State and went into private business.

Five days later, at its 68th annual convention in San Francisco, the NCAA Council ruled: "California State University, Long Beach, has been placed on indefinite probation for not less than three years. The probationary period covers the sports of basketball and football and sanctions include prohibiting the 49ers from appearing in any postseason competition and from appearing in any NCAA television packages in those sports. In the judgment of the Council, the violations involved in this case were among the most serious which it has ever considered."

On Jan. 8, after futile attempts at gaining an appeal, Long Beach State reluctantly complied with NCAA rules and declared ineligible Roscoe Pondexter and Glenn McDonald, both starters on the school's nationally ranked basketball team. Each player was cited for having "a fraudulent test score credited to him which, in fact, he knew he did not properly achieve." Case No. 427, the NCAA then decreed, was closed.

But in Long Beach and elsewhere the deep wound inflicted by the NCAA is still very much open and festering; questions are still being asked. Was Long Beach State the

victim of an NCAA vendetta? Is Jerry Tarkanian a criminal? Was there some unquellable evil force at work? Did Jim Stangland escape unscathed? Is everyone telling the truth?

The answer to all of the above is *no*. The two big questions, however, remain: What really happened? Is what happened indicative of a degeneration of order and morality throughout college sport? A few things are certain at Long Beach: before, during and after the NCAA issued its communiques, intercollegiate athletics at Long Beach State was, as elsewhere, a complex mix of men and motives, a source of pride and achievement and, alas, cause for great bitterness and suspicion.

Any understanding of Case No. 427 must begin with an appreciation of what is and what is not happening these days behind the scenes in intercollegiate sport. To be blunt, cheating as defined by the NCAA is widespread. Allowing for exaggeration, for unfounded rumors, for accusations made as excuses for defeat, there are too many complaints from too many quarters to conclude otherwise.

There are, for example, the declarations of such coaches as Pepperdine's Gary Colson. "I don't think you can win big without cheating." Or Ed Murphy, who recently resigned from New Mexico State where he was an assistant basketball coach and chief recruiter. "This is the worst year I've ever seen for cheating." Or Penn State's Joe Paterno: "There were probably more illegal offers made in recruiting last year than ever before." Or Texas' Darrell Royal: "You're out there trying to sell yourself and your school and the prospect ain't hearing a word you're saying. All he's wondering is when you're going to start talking money." Or Indiana's Bobby Knight: "When they get to the bottom of Watergate, they'll find a football coach." Or Notre Dame's Digger Phelps: "I think we've created a monster."

The NCAA's reaction, attacking the effect rather than the cause, is to crack down harder. But with a grand total of four full-time investigators, 669 member institutions and a 253-page manual jam-packed with a bewildering array of regulations, NCAA enforcement is still at best a hit-and-miss proposition.

"If cheating is so universal," says one NCAA investigator, "then why isn't my phone jumping off the hook?" The answer: because the NCAA's dependence on tips from informers repels most of those who are supposed to be doing the informing. "I've never blown the whistle on anyone yet," says Joe Paterno, "and I never will." A cynic would add that if the NCAA is waiting for proof of wickedness, it is only because, after so many years of practice, the amateurs have become pros at covering up.

The majority of coaches take the attitude of South Carolina's Frank McGuire. "Most of the time I don't want to know what goes on. When a prize recruit comes in here, he's shown around by Mr. So-and-So, a prominent businessman. Whatever happens, happens on that end."

Drastic changes are needed, but by its very structure the

NCAA is too bureaucratic to implement, much less expedite, the kind of extreme solution proposed by Pan American University's Abe Lemons: "The only answer is to give every coach a lie-detector test, beginning with those guys whose teams make the playoffs. They could never publish the results, though. Lordy, it would blow the lid off."

The NCAA investigative team, concerned only with the breaking and not the making of the rules, keeps the lid on one sensitive issue simply by ignoring it. It is, nonetheless, a fact that as more and more black athletes leave the ghetto to go to college, more and more (95% of the athletes cited in the Long Beach State case) run afoul of the NCAA.

Questions of exploitation aside, ghettos mean economic and cultural deprivation, which in turn means that the most common and flagrant abuses of NCAA rules occur in the areas of transportation and grade qualification. How, in short, does an impoverished black athlete get to the far-flung college of his choice? And once there how does he measure up to white, middle-class entrance-exam standards that are, most educators agree, discriminatory and no true measure of intelligence? More often than not, the answer is—with a little help from his friends.

To that add the easy everybody-else-is-doing-it rationale, the insidious lure of the fat pro contract, the proliferation of fast-buck agents, the overabundance of well-heeled boosters, the increasing competition for bodies and, perhaps most of all, the ever-present pressure to win, and you have Case No. 428 through No. 1,000.

Long Beach State itself began as a charity case. Originally populated by retired folk from the Midwest, the city was a lot less interested in higher education than in lower curbs to accommodate wheelchair traffic. Through the 1940s Long Beach was also a sailor's town; when the Pacific Fleet finally weighed anchor, it left behind a sprawling shipyard to the west and a string of tattoo parlors and a tawdry carnival midway called "the Pike" hard by the sea.

Affluence of a sort came with the development of oil rights, and for years the city's favored sons, leaving behind oil pumps that still incessantly nod away in backyards and between supermarkets, went off to seek knowledge at USC and UCLA. The less endowed enrolled in something called Los Angeles-Orange County State College, which consisted of a faculty of 13 teaching 160 students in the living rooms, bedrooms and even bathrooms of a converted apartment house. The nickname 49ers was adopted not as a reflection of the area's rich and colorful past—no gold miner's pick ever broke ground in Long Beach—but because the school happened to be founded in 1949.

With the donation of 320 hilly acres that once were bean fields, LA-OCSC replanted and reclassified itself as Long Beach State College. In no time at all, through sundry cross-pollinations—California State College at Long Beach; California State College, Long Beach; California State University, Long Beach—it sprouted into an instant megaversity. Now, with an enrollment of 31,674, Long Beach

State is larger than either of its far more celebrated neighbors, UCLA and USC.

For all its rapid, protean growth, Long Beach State was long known as "The Mausoleum on the Hill." Through the eras of panty raids and student demonstrations, about the only excitement on the hill was the daily traffic snarls in parking lots that are larger than some college campuses. Commuter-based (only 865 students live on campus), older (average age: 24), more self-supporting (40% are employed) and other-directed (40% are married), the Long Beach State student body is not inclined to get misty-eyed at the first strains of the *College Hymn*, much less turn out in howling masses to see the Brown and Gold knock heads on the playing fields.

For its part, Long Beach is trying to assert its rights as a city that is larger than Miami but less renowned than, say, Youngstown. Promoters are busily striving to sell the city's very salable sun-sea-and-sailboat image, plus such attractions as the nouveau-quant Seaport Village and the doughy old *Queen Mary*, the \$63 million tourist gamble that is afloat—but just barely—right out there among towering offshore oil rigs that are dressed up like Disneyland rides.

Vestiges of early bean fields remain, if only in the mind. Striving to disassociate itself from the urban sprawl that is Greater Los Angeles, city and college suffer from what President Horn calls an "Avis complex." Athletically, basketball in Long Beach still means the Los Angeles Lakers and UCLA, football the Los Angeles Rams and USC. Laments one native, "Even the earthquake that virtually shattered Long Beach in 1933 is known as the *Los Angeles* earthquake."

A man named Fred Miller, a seismic force in his own right, tried to change all that. An assistant football coach at Long Beach State looking to make better use of his Ph. D., he took over as athletic director in 1967. Young, aggressive and possessed of a vision of the 49ers competing before cheering throngs in a 40,000-seat domed stadium, he began by searching for new coaching talent and forthrightly confronting the Big Question: Will Long Beach support a winner?

There was no easy answer, especially considering that 49er basketball games were held in a dinky—and half vacant—gymnasium while the football team had to travel six miles to play its home games at Veterans Memorial Stadium, a one-sided structure with 17,500 seats—12,000 or more of them usually empty when the 49ers took the field.

But Miller hustled. Oh, how he hustled. An ex-neckle for the Washington Redskins, he led power plays to help found the Pacific Coast Athletic Association and such seemingly big-league appearances as the Pasadena Bowl. "Fred didn't go over people's heads to get things done," recalls a friend, "he went through them."

"True," says Miller, relaxing on his patio in Tempe, Ariz., where he is now the athletic director at Arizona State. "There were no channels to go through in those days, no real athletic department. We were an appendage of the physical education department and we had to grub for everything. Our budget was so tight you could play a tune on it."

continued

Jerry Tarkanian found that out in 1968 when, without bothering to ask about salary, he came to Long Beach State from Pasadena City College and discovered that his \$13,300 annual reward for making it to the "bigs" represented a \$4,900 pay cut. Tarkanian was Miller's No. 1 choice to bring the school fans, fame and fortune, probably in that order. In four seasons at Riverside City College and two at Pasadena he had taken a pair of last-place basketball teams and run up a 201-11 record, winning four conference and four state junior college titles in the process.

Tarkanian, a native of Euclid, Ohio, who migrated West after his father died when he was 11, looks like a retired welterweight boxer. That tough-guy visage helped gain him a reputation as a coach who had rapport with what he calls the question-mark kids, the talented but often troubled youths who come off the asphalt courts carrying a basketball and a grudge.

There were, for instance, the Trapp brothers, John Q. and George, whose parents moved from Detroit to California for the expressed purpose of having their sons play for Tarkanian. "the only man," said their father, "who could ever handle those boys." Recalls Tarkanian: "John Q. couldn't hold a conversation or look you in the eye when I first got him. George was mean, vicious. You should see them today." John Q. is now back with his mentor in Las Vegas, completing the few credits he needs for his degree. George, meanwhile, is a \$120,000-a-year forward for the Detroit Pistons.

Then there was Sam Robinson, a high school All-American from Los Angeles who moved to Pasadena with his mother and younger brothers so he, too, could play JC ball under Tarkanian. It was one big—very big—family.

Tarkanian's wife Lois, who has a master's degree in education, helped the players brush up on their reading skills, did their laundry, sent turkeys to their homes at Christmas, arranged job interviews and regularly drove their relatives to work. Tarkanian, a shouter of the old school, added the finishing touches—or hard knocks, when needed—on the court during practice.

Word got around that Tarkanian was a special kind of coach, that he would rip you and give you but never deny you that, as Lewis Brown, one of four high school All-Americans who followed him to Las Vegas, puts it, "Tark ain't white, man, he's Armenian."

Teachers and playground leaders in the inner cities of Detroit, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, New York and points between began to send Tarkanian players for placement in junior colleges throughout the West. He obliged, in effect developing a vast and highly effective farm system that served him abundantly as he moved into the four-year college ranks.

Known as Tark the Shark to rival coaches, he came to Long Beach State as a kind of Father Flanagan of the hardwood whose teams were havens for the wayward. Of course, only supershooters need apply.

If Tarkanian was Spencer Tracy, then Ivan Duncan was his Mackey Rooney, a brash, wisecracking type who joined his old junior college coach at Long Beach State as a grad-

uate assistant after nine years of "jockeying it up" for the Air Force in the Far East. An honors graduate in English literature, Duncan communicated with players in a stream of hip street talk that not only got through but seemed to come out in iambic pentameter.

Duncan, who did not go on the payroll until September, and then received just \$480 a year for teaching two volleyball classes, hit the recruiting trail with Tarkanian in May 1968. "Our recruiting budget was only \$600," exclaims Tarkanian. "We were allotted 42 pairs of basketball shoes, so I knocked off 14 pairs and put the extra \$150 into recruiting. While other coaches were fishing or playing golf, Ivan and I worked and worked and worked, 14 hours a day, seven days a week. I don't ever remember sitting down to eat with my family. One of the reasons I left Pasadena was to get out of the smog and onto the beach. I don't think I even saw the ocean that first year."

Tarkanian and Duncan did see every spring and summer league basketball game within a 60-mile radius and haunted the playgrounds and recreation centers. They went to prospects' graduations, to their parties, to their sisters' weddings. When Duncan heard that the father of one coveted player was a tippler, he took a fifth of vodka to the home and made his pitch as they got drunk together. "It didn't work, though," says Tarkanian. "Another school in the area bought his parents off with a house and job for the father at Columbia Pictures."

Once, after 19 consecutive days on the road, Tarkanian was stopped by a state trooper late at night for weaving in and out of his lane. After giving him a sobriety test, the cop correctly diagnosed that Tarkanian was suffering from galloping fatigue and escorted him to the nearest motel. Says Tarkanian, "Ivan always said, 'If you see a coach with a camper or a fishing pole or a golf club, fire him. He's a loser.' And he's right."

Tarkanian, once described as having worry beads for eyes, had no need to fret. When the time came to enlist his recruits, he merely tugged on his long line of contacts and reeled in five of the best JC players in the state. Led by the redoubtable Sam Robinson and billed as "The Fastest Growing Power in the West," Long Beach State walked through a 23-3 season and won the school its first conference championship.

Times remained tough, however. While Tarkanian was out trying to drum up support at frat houses and Rotary luncheons, Duncan held forth on the telephone. "I'd call people in Long Beach trying to find summer jobs for the players and they didn't know where the school was," he remembers. "I'd say, 'You know, the place by the VA hospital,' and they'd say, 'Oh, that place.' We were nobodies, noentities. No tradition, no famous grads. It was like being in high school."

When, heady with the success of their first season, Tarkanian and Duncan blew \$22 on a lunch with two prospects, the school bounced their expense account, explaining that Long Beach State never had spent that kind of money on a recruiting lunch. "Right away," says Tarkanian, "Ivan wrote a note back saying, 'That's because this school

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never has recruited any top-quality players before."

Tarkanian began believing the top-quality line himself when his grapevine informed him that Ed Ratleff, one of the most hustled-after prospects in the country, was wavering on his commitment to Florida State. Quickly borrowing \$350 from a friend, Tarkanian flew to Columbus, Ohio and moved in with Ratleff's high school principal. In short order Ratleff moved out of Long Beach and Tarkanian had his first bona fide, out-of-state "super." "We sold Eddie on the idea that he could come to Long Beach and put it on the map," says Duncan, "and he found that very romantic."

With Ratleff averaging 40 points and 25 rebounds a game for the freshman team, Tarkanian made do with Robinson, George Trapp ("George didn't even know what a scholarship was," says Tarkanian, "he just went where I went") and a makeshift road show. The mighty 49ers traveled to away games in private cars. When Sam Robinson's clunker snapped a fan belt, the school refused to reimburse him. "Unreal," says Tarkanian, still cringing at the memory.

The team always stayed in Motel 6s—\$6 a night, rooms with linoleum floors and, for those who had it, 25¢ for the coin-operated TV. "We couldn't afford a pregame steak, much less a training table," says Tarkanian. "I told the players that sitreem curled up in their stomachs and was bad for them and that ground beef—I never called it hamburger—made them play better. And whenever we went into a restaurant, Ivan the Terrible would go in the kitchen and put the arm on the cook to knock down the prices. I'll bet there's never been another team that made it into the Top Ten on hamburgers."

Lean and hungry, the Motel 6 gypsies posted a 23-3 season and won the Pacific Coast conference title before bowing to UCLA 88-65 in the 1970 NCAA Western Regionals in Seattle.

Tarkanian's third season was more of the same except that there were, so to speak, seconds on the hamburger; and for the needy was beginning to trickle in. Some players, taking advantage of a booster's cut-rate rental offer, were living in an oceanfront apartment house called the Pacific Holiday Towers. A \$50-a-plate dinner on the Queen Mary raised \$7,500 for the Jerry Tarkanian Fund. And a group of 20 supporters founded the Hoopster Club and rallied round, impressed as much as anything with Tarkanian's obsession with basketball. At Hoopster luncheons he was introduced as "a guy who does not know there is a war in Vietnam, but he does know where the best forward in the country is."

They weren't kidding. Once when UCLA fans, in a timely reflection of the headlines, held up a sign saying JERRY TARKANIAN, WORLD'S GREATEST COACH, BY CLIFFORD IRVING, the World's Greatest turned to a reporter and said, "Who's Clifford Irving?"

In 1971, as Tarkanian's team crept into the national rankings for the first time, people began asking, "Who's Long Beach State?" With sophomore Ratleff flashing his All-American form, the 49ers were 22-4 when they qualified for the Western Regionals in Salt Lake City. When Tarkanian

found to his horror that UCLA was booked on the same flight, he quickly switched planes lest his players see that the Bruins were flying first class while they were going tourist. Nonetheless, UCLA got in its intimidating licks. Recalls Lois Tarkanian: "When Curtis Rowe walked through the airport, he was wearing a cashmere coat, alligator shoes and a hat that must have cost \$100. And there was Eddie Ratleff, an All-American, in his Long Beach windbreaker, jeans and basketball shoes. I was so ashamed."

On the court, however, the 49ers dressed down the Bruins long enough to give them one of their biggest tournament scores in years. While Mrs. Trapp was buried in her Bible and Lora, eyes tightly shut, was fingering her rosary beads, Long Beach State surged to an 11-point lead in the second half. But Ratleff fouled out for the only time in his college career and UCLA escaped with a 57-55 win.

"That was the moment," says Tarkanian, when everybody stood up and took notice of Long Beach State—including the NCAA."

Football Coach Jim Stangeland first gained notice in the Long Beach area as a standout high school end. Skipper of a B-24 bomber crew during World War II, he won three successive Border Conference pole-vaulting titles while at Arizona State. The "Colonel" was well connected in the community, having spent eight years at Long Beach City College compiling a 60-14-2 record and three national JC titles. Then it was on to USC where for four years he was John McKay's offensive line coach and, or so he has said, chief West Coast recruiter.

When the Colonel assumed command at Long Beach State he found, like Tarkanian before him, that operating capital was meager. His teams, too, had to endure debilitating inconveniences. Once, unable to stay overnight after an away game because of the added expense, the players had to check out of their rooms at noon on the day of a night game and loll around the gym for five or six hours before getting into uniform.

Given a \$12,000 budget that might be mistaken for John McKay's cigar money, Stangeland set out to "get some dough into the program" by founding a Touchdown Club: "Provide a scholarship for a hard-nosed youngster who is dedicated to build and not tear down."

In its first year, with Stangeland giving it the old go-team-go from the sidelines, the club raised a munificent \$30,000. "In basketball all you need is one or two supers and you're on your way," says Stangeland. "In football you need a lot more. That's why I was spending 70% of my time recruiting boosters."

He did a good job, fielding a team of businessmen who enjoyed having their pictures taken with the players and wearing their yellow coach's jackets and caps on the sidelines. There were, for instance, "Coach" Russell Guiver, president of Signal Mortgage Co., "Coach" John Reid, a wealthy Long Beach realtor, and City Councilman Don Phillips, proprietor of Phillips' Original Chicken Pie restaurants. "Coach Chicken Pie," the players called him.

The soliciting of more menacing types was left to Bill Miller, a former high school assistant coach who presided

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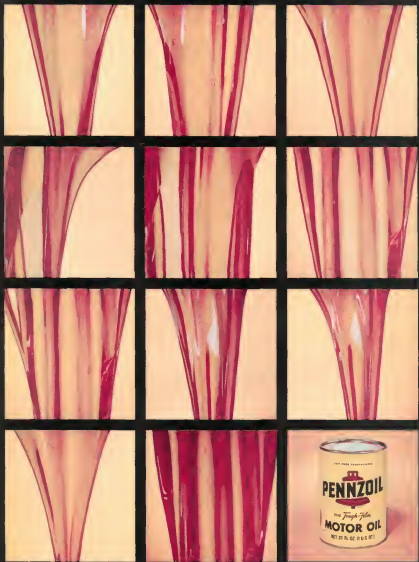
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over Stangland's offensive line. A loyalist, Miller's oft-repeated credo was, "I'd do anything for The Man." The best thing he did for Stangland the first season was corral Leon Burns, a 230-pound running back from Oakland. "I sold Leon one bill of goods," says Miller, "that we would be using the information at Long Beach and he would be the big shot. He bought it."

A weight lifter, Burns gained a degree of notoriety when he grabbed a handy fullback and effortlessly cleaned and jerked him for the benefit of photographers. He earned more lasting fame in 1969, Stangland's first season, when he led the NCAA college division in rushing with 1,659 yards and 11 touchdowns with 27 to pace Long Beach to an 8-3 record.

With Burns playing hurt the following year, a 9.4 sprinter from Des Moines named Jim Kirby took up the slack by scoring seven touchdowns from 25 or more yards out. His longest gain was a flashing 82-yard run that helped Long Beach State break San Diego State's 31-game unbeaten streak and clinch the PCAA title for the 49ers.

So Athletic Director Fred Miller got his winners—seven conference champions in 11 sports in 1971, to be exact. But fan support was so minimal that he occasionally took to padding attendance figures. Looking to upgrade the basketball schedule without depleting the budget, Miller tried to intercept class teams traveling to the Los Angeles area. If UCLA, for instance, guaranteed a team \$5,000, he would offer \$1,500, "since you're going to be in the neighborhood anyway."

Miller says that, as a recruiting tool, "Stangland wanted to schedule some blue-chip opponents to impress blue-chip prospects. So we signed a no-option contract for an away game at Ole Miss. We agreed to \$25,000 and no percentage of the gate, and Ole Miss gladly kept the rest, about \$175,000." If the deal was profitable for Ole Miss, it was prestigious for the 49ers, even though they lost 29-13. "That's called new math," says Miller.

To get coverage of 49er games on a local country-music station, Miller had to sell advertising time himself. A chef who had some experience slaving over a hot stove was hired to do the play-by-play for \$50 a game. To shave costs further, Miller sat in as color man on the program. Chef-Commentator: "What's your analysis of that last scoring play, Fred?" Fred: "Yahoo!"

At Miller's urging, local merchants helped out. Place mats at Phillips' Original Chicken Pie restaurants carried 49er schedules; game tickets, according to the plug on the back, were printed compliments of the Dilday Family Funeral Home. But lots of little things seemed to go wrong. To hype the gate for the big intrasquad game one spring, Jumping Joe Gerlach agreed to do his "death-defying leap from a hot-air balloon into a sponge." After the game, when Jumping Joe dropped 40 feet onto a portable bed, he flopped in more ways than one. There were only 400 spectators in the stands. When arrangements were made to have the football team burst through a paper hoop and come charging onto the field, the 49er captain got through the hoop all right, but then crashed into a bench someone had forgotten to remove.

Most distressing was the fact that the pep rallies looked

like they were catered by the Dilday Family. "We'd sit out there in the quadrangle," says Miller, "band, players, coaches, cheerleaders, and we came very close to outnumbing the students. We finally stopped holding rallies because it got too embarrassing."

Seasonal gate receipts were no more encouraging. In 1971 average attendance for home football games was 5,400, for basketball 3,600. Also, by then Stephen Horn, at best only a casual sports fan, was in his second year as president. Assistant to the Secretary of Labor during the Eisenhower Administration, former dean of graduate studies at American University in Washington, D.C., vice-chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, a crack administrator and a man said to have political ambitions, Horn was not interested in building any cockamammy domed stadium. He wanted to score a big gain for social awareness by erecting a day-care center.

Still convinced that "if we were going to build a winning program at Long Beach State we needed something unique like a domed stadium," Miller recalls, "the time came to again ask myself: Will Long Beach support a winner? The answer was no—at least not right away." Miller left for Arizona State in April 1971.

He was replaced as athletic director by Lew Comer, a God-fearing Texan who lived by the Good Book—the NCAA manual. Aware that the protectors of the NCAA commandments might one day be hearing confessions, he distributed manuals like a Godeans society disciple to all the Long Beach State coaches. "If you were sitting in my chair," says Comer, "a hundred things, illegal kinds of things, could be happening and you would never know it. If you snooped around with helicopters and binoculars, you'd see lots of stuff."

What Basketball Coach Tarkenton saw in his fourth and fifth seasons at Long Beach State were glimmers of the big time. His nationally ranked 49ers were in the process of making a permanent shift to the 9,600-seat Long Beach Arena and, though only a hard-core 4,000 or so fans continued to show up, they at least had more elbow room. Tarkenton, doing some elbowing of his own, was given tenure, a private office and, compliments of the boosters, a nine-day vacation in Hawaii, which he found nerve-racking. "I sat on the beach drawing plays in the sand with a stick. I kept thinking I was losing somebody."

Not with Ivan the Terrible manning the battlements. Beginning with their fourth season on the recruiting circuit, Tarkenton and Duncan's backyard operation spread—thanks in part to the \$61,000 share of tournament money the team got for appearing in two straight NCAA playoffs—to the neighborhood. Any neighborhood. Suddenly, there was Tarkenton, the man who had trouble making fan-belt ends meet, in the distant wilds of East Rutherford, N.J., laying claim to Les Cason, a 6'11" schoolboy he had never seen play.

Suddenly, too, there was George Gervin, a sharpshooting forward out of Detroit, and Ernie Douse, the 1971 New York City Player of the Year, and Leonard Gray, a highly touted transfer from Kansas, checking in at Long Beach

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State. And all along the Father Hanigan hot line was tied up with calls for help like the one from Creighton Coach Eddie Sutton. "Tark, we've got this 7-footer named Nate Stevens who's not working out here. Take him off our hands, will you?" Tark took him.

Jerry and the Vagabonds, as chiding opponents were wont to say, had gone national. But nowhere was there a worse example of the grubby infighting that was going on in college recruiting than right up the freeway in Fresno, Calif., at the four-room house of Roscoe and Clifton Pondexter.

Roscoe, the highest-scoring schoolboy in California history, recalls the day "a TV star drove into the ghetto in a big white Caddy. He took me across town and showed me a five-bedroom house. Then he showed me a brand-new blue sunroof. That was hard to turn down." When the mayor of Fresno tried to cajole him into remaining on the home front, Roscoe shot back, "Why should I go to Fresno State when you won't even pave the road in front of my house?"

At the time, says Roscoe, "I'd never even heard of the NCAA. I thought it was like the pros, where you just sat back and waited for the best offer. But I didn't like the idea of somebody trying to buy me. You know, they figure we're from a poor background so just lay out the green and we'll jump at it. Well, my mom said that if I let them buy me they'd own me forever. Tark said that, too. That's one reason why I went to Long Beach State."

While Roscoe was wooed, there was lusting for Clifton, too. Soon the Pondexters had a front man to keep the suitors off the back porch. Says Ken Delpit, the Pondexter boys' former assistant high school coach, "The recruiters started coming around in Clifton's sophomore year and there got to be so many of them that he wouldn't come out of his room. He had over 300 offers and 80% of them were illegal."

"Washington State offered Clifton an Eldorado and sent him \$100 to pay for phone calls to his girl friend. Fresno State offered me an assistant coach's job if I delivered him. When the West Coast Relays came to Fresno at least 10 schools offered Clifton free hotel rooms where he could throw a party and charge anything to room service."

"A Pac-8 school put \$10,000 on the dining-room table next to the letter of intent. Mrs. Pondexter was so insulted she got up and walked out of the room. Clifton took me into the kitchen and said, 'What is going on?' What if Clifton had been an undercover agent for the NCAA? Wow?"

When the real NCAA agents infiltrated Long Beach, they operated on the likelihood that the better the player the worse the hanky-panky. That led them to the talented likes of Running Back Terry Metcalf, a JC transfer who took up where Leon Burns and Jim Kirby left off by powering for a conference record 1,673 yards and 29 touchdowns to ensure another FCAA title for the 49ers in Coach Stangeland's third season.

The NCAA investigators also sought out other heavily recruited players like Tight End John Turner and Linebacker Charles Lewis, whose laments are variations on the Pondexter theme. Turner, for example, says, "I first became disillusioned when I was in junior college and two coaches

from Tulsa and two from Long Beach cornered me in a campus parking lot and started a tug of war. They kept screaming insults at each other until I thought they were going to come to blows. I felt like a piece of beef."

President Horn undoubtedly felt like chopped liver when on April 5, 1973 the NCAA sent him a long, incriminating list of allegations in question form and charged the school with the responsibility of gathering replies from all parties concerned. Ordered, in effect, to have the university assist in tying the noose for its own public hanging, Horn reluctantly went along.

Athletic Director Comer, armed with a tape recorder and his trusty NCAA manual, was sent out like a roving reporter to ask the NCAA's prickly questions, a thankless and demeaning chore that took him five months and 300 man-hours to complete. The allegations not only implicated Tarkenton, Ivan Duncan and the products of their more prosperous years—Ratliff, Douse, Gervin, Gray and Roscoe Pondexter—as well as Stangeland, Bill Miller and *other* prime recruits—Burns, Kirby, Metcalf, Turner and Lewis—but myriad other interested bystanders whose revelations, the NCAA hoped, might sharpen the focus.

Playing the NCAA version of 20 Questions became so burdensome in the spring and summer of 1973 that Don Gill, vice-president of the Long Beach State Foundation, and John Shaubine, dean of students, had to help out. One of their more awkward confrontations was the trial-by-telephone of Vic Weiss, a Los Angeles auto dealer and long-time friend of Tarkenton who serves as agent for George Trapp and other 49er basketball players in their dealings with the pros. Excerpts.

Gill: O.K., the first question says, quote, "It is alleged, that during the early spring of 1972 then student-athlete Ernie Douse entered into an agreement with a representative of the university's athletic interest, Victor Weiss, for the marketing of his athletic ability. Specifically, this agreement provided for Weiss to give financial assistance to Douse during the period of his attendance at the university as well as other benefits in return for the right for Weiss to represent him in future professional basketball negotiations. Please indicate whether this information is substantially correct and submit evidence to support your response."

Weiss: I never had any agreement with Ernie at all. . . .

Gill: O.K., the next one is on page 224, question 2, quote: "It is alleged that prior to the 1973 Easter vacation then student-athlete Ernie Douse was given cash to spend during a return trip to his home by a representative of the university's athletic interest, Victor Weiss."

Weiss: I didn't give Ernie any cash for any vacation. . . . In the previous discussion with the NCAA it was supposedly a check, not cash, and I already made my account available to them but they never came back to look at it. . . .

Gill: They did not look at it? I think that's important that they didn't take the time to see it when it was available. Then they go back and write up these allegations and make us do all of it. . . .

Weiss: Off the record, if Ernie Douse can remember all

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these dates, somebody must have fed him a lot of brain food since I talked to him last. . .

Shamline: Why, couldn't he remember how to add and subtract in his classes?

Gill: Never mind that. He couldn't remember our game plan. You know, the 3-2 zone. He couldn't remember that.

Shamline: Did you, Victor Weiss, let Ernie Douve have money to go home in June 1973?

Weiss: Yes. . . He said that he had been dropped from school and that he had no way to get home and he needed money for a plane ticket. . . So I gave Ernie the \$150 and that was the last I ever saw him.

Gill: Our problem here, Vic, is that we think the NCAA in some ways has overstepped its bounds and we've just about had enough of it. But I'm not sure we're going to do anything about it.

The results of the interrogations were sent to the NCAA last August. In the ensuing weeks President Horn and his assistants jettied between crises, challenging crises and pleading for clemency before various NCAA tribunals.

Somebody listened, for when the NCAA Council opened its convention in San Francisco on Jan. 6 it softened the proposed punishment somewhat, most notably by dropping a penalty that prohibited the coaches from leaving the campus to recruit. The NCAA also inserted into the announcement of penalties a line that noted "a mitigating circumstance," namely that the "vast majority of violations were considered to be the responsibility of the previous executive and athletic administration."

But nothing mitigated the shock waves that struck Long Beach. Among the hardest hit was Lute Olson, the coach named as Tarkanian's successor partly because, some say, of his contrasting saintly mien. Given the distasteful duty of having to break the bad news to his team, he called the players into an empty classroom after practice and began in a halting voice, "I have something very difficult to tell you." Clifton Pondexter, 6'3", 230 pounds and the nation's top freshman, wept.

Upon returning to the gym, Olson noticed for the first time a banner urging ALL THE WAY TO THE NCAA. His team's record was 10 and 1; an NCAA championship had not been an impossible dream. He ordered the banner removed. Late that night, while alone in his bedroom, he read aloud the framed copy of the Optimist Creed he keeps on his dresser: "Promise yourself to be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind."

Clifton Pondexter was not even given time to find peace of mind. Just a few days later, crashing the funeral as it were, recruiters from several schools, including UCLA, tracked him down and tried to talk him into transferring.

The headlines—Long Beach State "Slammed," "Gunned Down," "Socked"—elicited angry countercharges of "kung-fu-court farce," "Goliath tactics" and "secret squealers." Said Colonel Stangeland: "The NCAA coming into Long Beach on its witch hunt is like the United Nations marching on Poland for not fighting fair against Germany in World War II."

Tarkanian, who has vowed never again to set foot in Long

Beach, flew to Los Angeles for a press conference. "It makes me sick," he said, "that anyone can punish athletes and rip a coach to pieces without giving them a chance to defend themselves. And how can they say the violations are the responsibility of the former administrators? Horn has been at Long Beach for four years and Corner three."

In San Francisco, meanwhile, the beset Horn was waging another futile war of words. Shunted from one NCAA committee to another, he tried to appeal the ineligibility ruling against Roscoe Pondexter and Glenn McDonald, arguing that "it violates every precept of Anglo-Saxon law. First you send a guy to the chair and then you try to get a writ of habeas corpus to see if you can revive the body." But the more Horn struggled the deeper he sank into the quagmire of NCAA rules and went under without a ripple.

The heretofore proved more buoyant. Before the tip-off of a game against the University of the Pacific in Stockton, Olson told Clifton, "You'll have to play for both Pondexters tonight." Underdogs because of the absence of the two starters, Long Beach State hit 65% of its shots and Clifton scored 17 points and raked in 14 rebounds as the 49ers won 72-53, dealing Pacific its worst home-court loss in 13 years.

The next day Harry Simon, a self-styled "people lawyer," performed a legal fast break that proved just as successful. He won for Pondexter and McDonald a federal court temporary restraining order that reinstated the two players. Pondexter and McDonald celebrated by teaching their lawyer how to lay on fire.

Tarkanian's lot was not as jubilant. That night, during a game between his Las Vegas Rebels and St. Mary's College in Moraga, Calif., rival fans pointed at Tarkanian and chanted, "Crook! Crook! Crook!" Lois Tarkanian burst into tears, and the Rebels lost 69-46.

Long Beach fans were not much more heartwarming. On Jan. 17 Don Dyer, president of the 49er Athletic Foundation, sent a letter to all boosters announcing that the city council had declared Jan. 26 Long Beach State Loyalty Day. The key passage read: "The most important contribution that any of us can make that day is to fill the Arena for the basketball game that evening against Northern Illinois. This will be our first home game since the NCAA sanctions have been announced and will give us an opportunity to show the University and the basketball team that we are not going to desert them in their most difficult hour." On Loyalty Day night Long Beach State defeated Northern Illinois 106-71, there were 3,500 empty seats in the Arena.

Perhaps it was President Horn who put Case No. 427 into the sharpest human perspective when he said: "We got to the top so fast that none of our people had a rigorous education into what things are accepted and which are no-ifs."

NEXT WEEK

The 74 charges made by the NCAA against Long Beach State are revealed in detail along with contradictory—and sometimes chilling—testimony by the principals.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 26-June 1

HARVESTBALL. The U.S. National team routed the Finnish team 110-36 in Helsinki. It ended its 23-day tour with an 8-3 record, going 6-3 against the Russians and winning both games in Finland.

The Russian national team crushed the American All-Stars 81-35 before a sparse 3,119 in San Antonio, Texas, to end its series victorious in all of the five games against the All-Stars.

ROTTING. HOWE. 31 NWS won the \$30,000 Champion Spark Plug-sponsored hydroplane regatta, dipping into the Grand Cup Series at Miami Marine Stadium. Howe's driver Mike Budweiser 100.97 mph to beat out Quimby Walks in Jack A. Post and F. Milner Voss in Mike Madison.

GOLF. BOB MLENSE took a 9-hole putt on the first hole of sudden death against Jerry Heard and won the \$10,000 prize in the Knepper Open at Charlton, N.C. Meirne, who had to qualify to play in the tournament, finished a final 67 that tied Heard at 270 for 12 holes and forced the playoff that gave him his first tour victory.

JUDY RANKIN won a 2-under-par 3-hole total of 144 for a one-shot victory worth \$5,700 and her second straight Baltimore Championship, after steadily overmatched the Pine Bluff course unplayable for the final round.

HARNESS RACING. OTARLO HANOVER (3:22.46), driven by Steve Filson, trounced top favored American Natchez to take the \$95,762 Ruffin Stakes at Keosauqua Racetrack, covering the 1/4-mile course in a world record time of 3.04s.

BARDON'S BOY (3:08.65), driven by Michael Gustafson, and TARIO HANOVER (3:42.70), Vernon Thorpe at the helm, won the division of the \$142,500 Battle of the Brethren stakes for 3-year-old pacers at Delaware's Ballymore Raceway, giving the male in 1:58s and 1:30s, respectively.

HORSE RACING. CHRIS EVERT (37.66), Jorge Valenzuela up, held off Maui Muller in the stretch for a 1/4-mile victory in the \$50,675 Mother Goose stakes, second leg of the Triple Crown for fillies, covering the 1/4-mile in 1:45s, at Belmont Park, an all-time record of 1:45.00.

Gerard Guillemin guided long shot SHARP GARY (3:28.40) over the 1/4-mile distance in 1:30 to take the \$105,000 Elders Derby at Sycamore's Park for three lengths over top favorite Duplain.

LACROSSE. JOHNS HOPKINS defeated Maryland 17-12 in the final for its first NCAA championship after tournament play began Sept. 20.

HOTTER SPORTS. Boston BILIAN RICHMOND averaged 95.02 mph on his Fiat Lotus F332 on his way

to victory in the \$25,000 Mid-Ohio Formula 3000 road race, overcoming Marco Andreoli on the 24th lap and gaining top second-place finisher Brian Langer, for his fifth straight series win.

BOWLING. An impressive WISCONSIN variety heavyweight trio scored a decisive three-length victory over the field to secure its second straight national intercollegiate championship, covering the 2,000 yards in 6:13 over a windy course on Madison Lakes at Syracuse, N.Y. The COVART GUARD ALADIMY doubled on the last-outs, with and without assistance, and Karen Brankie became the first woman to help set a championship in the 75-year history of the IBA recently by winning the PININ pair, which finished a third of Cornell.

BODDER. The Eastern Ochsone race was the one to watch, with both Baltimore and Miami registering wins at two-horse Philadelphia. The Acmes scored a 2-0 win over Rochester, but Baltimore returned the Boston Movement 3-2 and Miami defeated San Jose 1-0 in a tournament to keep the championship team. Washington and Vancouver also registered 1-0 triumphs, with over Seattle and Denver, although Vancouver could not score against Los Angeles, losing 1-0. The underdog Acmes now have a sole possession of the Western Ochsone lead. Denver was accompanied by St. Louis 1-1, with New Mexico 1-0. The only victory for the two girls, Ohio NADA, games saw San Jose trip Rochester 2-1 and Boston (San Jose) Seattle 1-0.

TEENIE. CHRIS EVERT easily defeated Marion Nordstrom of Copenhagen 5-3, 5-3 in the women's singles final of the Lakan Open in Rome. The victory marked Evet's first major international title. In the men's final, BOBBI BORDI needed only 90 minutes to get by defending champion Le Nantez 3-1, 6-4, 6-2.

TRACK & FIELD. The IFA closed its season before 6,000 fans at Madison Square Garden, and BILLY JOE DID not the South-Louis (Ind.) solo in history and the fastest pro mile this year, a blurring 3:06.6. The distance king of the year finished in the leading money position with \$15,700. Earlier, former Olympic WYOMIA TV L squared her world record with a 5 in the 1/4-mile dash, but 15th straight win. Red Swagman failed to clear a hurdle in the pole vault and landed at runner-up after archrival STEVE NUTTI won at 17' 8". Average attendance for the 14 meets was 12,411.

Banquet sponsor DON QUARRE, topped favorite Ivory Crockett and Steve Williams at the top at all three were clocked at 9.6 in the featured 100-yard dash at the Kennedy Games in Berkeley, Calif. Quarete registered on the 220 with a 20.7 on the slow circuit and city track. Beating the American mark

of 18' 11", that he had set one week earlier, MARK N. SHELTER put the shot 36' 32" and 44' 13". LERAC H took men's honors with a put of 68' 11". The 480-yard relay went to the University of California over the Philadelphia Flyers.

Russian's FAINA MLENIK posted a world record in the women's discus with a 229' 4" throw at a Chuchotnik in a 1.5 NWS meet in Prague, beating the old mark of 227' 11".

WILKINSON. ACQUITTED. GEL ENSKO, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, and seven other donors, after a jury trial on charges of sports-bribery and conspiracy to fix salaries (page 1) in New York trials. The six other convicted broadcasters are: Robert C. Ford, Jr. and his brother partner Richard Perry on two counts of sports bribery conspiracy.

HIRD. To mark the 50th-anniversary NBA New Orleans franchise. JEDITY ROBERTSON, 49, who completed a 14,616 record in 19 seasons as head coach at Louisiana Tech.

NAMED. As Most Valuable Player in the WHA for 1975-1976, GORDIE HOWE, 46, and as WHA Rookie of the Year, MARK BOWE, 19, both of the champion Houston Aeros. The elder Howe, who won six Hart Trophies as MVP in the NHL when he was with Detroit, finished third in regular-season scoring with 31 goals and 32 assists. Howe finished 73 points on 36 goals and 41 assists.

HIRD. As the first coach of the new NHL Washington Capitals, JIM ALLEN (50s), 44, late of the Boston Bruins, where he coached for 11 years.

ESSENGED. RIF GUEDLIN, in coach of the Boston Braves, after the team lost to Philadelphia in the Marley Cup final.

WILDERMAN. ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY from the Missouri Valley Conference, citing leadership in league sports, and seeking more flexibility in scheduling.

DEID. GEORGE (George) WALTHER, 27, utility infielder and star of the Philadelphia Phillies, David Phil Walthers, who has Red Amon on contract as a test bat at Miami Marine Stadium.

DEID. ALVIN CLARENCE THOMAS, 32, better known as Mike Thompson, self-styled shark, pool shark, poker player, golfer and champion triathlete, in Dallas, Texas.

DIED. R. MAX RITTER, 47, former Olympic coach and first president of the United States Olympic Committee, in Jacksonville, Fla.

CREDITS

10—Long Brown 24, 25—Harris, Brown 28, 29—Sherris 30, 31—42, 43—10—5—3—2—1—8—9—10—11—12—13—14—15—16—17—18—19—20—21—22—23—24—25—26—27—28—29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—12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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MOVED TO PROTEST

Sir:

It's bad enough when basketball players like Bill Walton are offered gigantic salaries to play the game they "love" (\$3.9 million over five years can generate a lot of love), but when the ABA offers to move a whole team (the Carolina Cougars) to accommodate one man (Sam Cartier, May 27) that's going too far!

REIN THIRMAN

Branchville, N.J.

THE NCAA'S ANSWER

Sir:

Your comments regarding various amateur sports bills before Congress (Sponsor: May 11) appear to recognize that the existing problems have endured too long, that reforms in the conduct of this country's international amateur sports programs are needed and that some congressional action is appropriate to accomplish that reform. With those positions we are in agreement.

On the substance of the various bills your comments reveal a number of misconceptions—for example, there is no bill under which the President would be "given the right to select amateur sports leaders. Presumably such misconceptions are responsible for your support for an arbitration proposal supported by the U.S. Olympic Committee, a proposal that (not surprisingly) proves on close examination to be a formula for perpetuation of the status quo.

The status quo is not good enough. The conflict, mismanagement and insensitivity to our athletes' interests that in many areas have characterized U.S. efforts in international competition will persist unless effective mechanisms are established for the reform or replacement by more representative bodies of the organizations responsible for the U.S.' international sports program.

These goals can be achieved by the establishment of a commission to study and make recommendations regarding the organization and management of our Olympic effort

and a board with the sole purpose of informing and replacing the organizations that purport to represent the U.S. on international sports governing bodies. A bill introduced by Senator Tunney (S.1018) and recently adopted by the Senate would accomplish the first, while another bill (S.3500) recently reported by the Senate Commerce Committee would provide the second element. The system of government involvement contemplated by these measures does not seem excessive. Indeed, it is not significantly greater than the involvement associated with the measures for which you indicate support. The real difference is that, unlike the USOC-backed proposal, these measures mean change.

ALAN J. CHAPMAN

President

National Collegiate Athletic Association
Houston

• The Tunney bill (S.1018), which creates a National Commission on the

continued



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18TH HOLE continued

Olympic Games, states, "The Commission shall be composed of nine members . . . appointed by the President. . . ." And the Pearson bill (S. 3500), which was passed, then recalled the same day for reconsideration, provides that the President shall appoint the five members of its Amateur Sports Board.—ED.

WYNNING WAYS

Sir:

Congratulations on giving the Los Angeles Dodgers a little recognition (*No Mirrors Now*, Sir, May 27), especially since they are the best team in the majors and have the most explosive player in the National League, superstar Centerfielder Jimmy Wynn.

ALLEN DUNN

Sycamore, Ill.

Sir:

As a Cincinnati Reds fan, I think you very much for putting Jim Wynn on the cover. When you put Willie Davis, then of the Dodgers, on your May 1, 1972 cover, the Reds started a nine-game winning streak on May 12. Last year you put two Dodgers on your Aug. 20 cover and the Reds soon took the division lead. So, judging from what has happened in the past, the Reds should pull ahead by the middle of June.

MICHAEL MCCANN

Columbus, Ohio

GOVENADE

Sir:

Cannonade wins the Kentucky Derby and is pictured on your May 13 cover. The Boston Celtics win the NBA championship and are shown on your May 20 cover. The Philadelphia Flyers win the Stanley Cup and Dodger slugger Jim Wynn gets your May 27 cover. I have nothing against Wynn, but don't you think that the Flyers deserved top billing? They turned on an entire city.

HENRY J. HEINE

Philadelphia

Sir:

If you had to do a baseball story, why didn't you write about the Phillies? They, too, were in first place!

STEPHEN MAYNEW

Langhorne, Pa.

• See page 24.—ED.

Sir:

I was most disturbed to find only a two-page spread with one photo. However, if the exigencies of space required you to limit your hockey coverage in order to bring us the photo of that cupcake on page 38, then all my complaints are forgotten.

EDWARD J. R. BUZANOWICZ

Framingham, Mass.

continued

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18TH HOLE *revisited*

ICY RECEPTION

Sir,

NBC's should be butt-ended from one end of the rink to the other for not having elected to cover the fifth and perhaps the most important game of the NHL championship playoff finals (*NBC Considers Long the Pack*, May 20).

I was infuriated to find that I was unable to view this game when called away on a business trip. The local educational TV station elected to air the fun and games but not the network *Stanley Cup* under contract. If the Flyers had won the fifth game and the championship, what an egg in the face for NBC Producer Scotty Connal.

If hockey is to grow in stature, let the viewer get the coverage he deserves. If this is too difficult for NBC, let the other networks air on the action.

STUART GREEN

Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sir,

In regard to NBC's option year on NHL hockey, I do hope they see the puck. Any major network that will broadcast a weekly game and not show all the Stanley Cup final games should be refused an option for the coming year.

TERRY H. BROWN

Arlanta

Sir,

For the few of us in the United States who are privileged enough to be able to watch CBC's *Hockey Night in Canada* it has been a pleasant surprise to see an American sports program even begin to rival the excellence of our more experienced northern neighbors. When a network like NBC, with its notoriously dull baseball broadcasts and broadcasters (Tony Kubek attempting the sustained play-by-play of a hockey game boggles the mind), finally achieves an exciting critical success, it should be ashamed of itself for pulling the plug after two short years. NBC's Carl Lindemann ought to try to get a seat at an NHL contest without using his influence. In all but a very few of the arenas it is a near impossibility. His time would be better spent formulating a far more attractive schedule of games than those shown this past season. Great rivalries exist in hockey and better utilization of these match-ups would surely stimulate ratings. As the number of rinks in the U.S. increases each year at an astonishing rate, so do the number of participants and new-found fans.

For those of us who already love this sport and the millions more soon to love it, NBC has an opportunity to sustain a fine production and to show rare foresight. Let us hope that hockey fans win this face-off.

JAMES D. TONZE

Auburn, N.Y.

revisited

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10TH HOLE *continued*

DEVIL'S DUE Sir,

Pine Valley's 10th hole (*Slow and Sweet but Oh So Deadly*, May 20) is short and sinister, and Jack Nicklaus' tips on how to play it seem helpful, but a man I caddied for a few years back showed a duffer's disrespect for the Devil's Aperture and contempt for advice. He paid dearly.

buoyed by a well-played from nine that had him ahead in the Nassau, my golfer scanned the green some 145 yards below and confidently asked for his nine-iron. Because a brisk wind was blowing toward the tee I suggested he use his seven. After que-asering my mental health he finally agreed to an eight-iron as a reluctant compromise. He hit his tee shot well but got the ball up too high. It seemed to hang as the wind caught it, then dropped into the sandpit encircled by well-trimmed grass at the right of the green—the Devil's Aperture.

From his vantage point in the trap he could see the white flag of the pin above and off to his left. From there the pin serves more as a tease than a target—it shows the golfer where the hole is and as the same time defies him to get there.

My golfer took the dare and swung directly toward the pin. Once, twice, a third time. Nothing resulted but displaced sand and a white ball tracking back and settling deeper into the sand. At the count of nine his fellow golfers were smirking; by 12 they began laughing uproariously. Normally a stone when my golfer hit a bad shot, I too, started laughing—a cardinal sin for a caddy and one which did not go unnoticed by my man in the trap. The look he gave me told me I'd be getting the lowest possible pay this afternoon.

Then things got worse. More foursomes appeared—those now waiting on the 10th tee and those just finishing play at the 17th coming to the 10th tee—and added to the hysterical onlookers.

My golfer, after 20 strokes, was still in the trap. One swing later his ball flew up and onto the green—by coming out toward the right side! His feat was met with wild applause, which grew louder as the man himself—his smile a white crescent paled on a blood-red face—emerged.

My man, completely unimpressed if not somewhat humbled, self-consciously saluted the crowd and stepped up to his ball now safely on the green.

He three-putted—for a nice score of 24 on the par-3!

KEVIN MCCREARY

* Edgewater Park, N.J.

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Every baseball fan familiar with the history of the game is aware that the 1919 World Series between the Cincinnati Reds and the Chicago White Sox was contested in the midst of deceit and corruption. **BLACK SOX!** screamed the newspaper headlines a year later when it was revealed that eight members of the American League club—Joe Jackson, Buck Weaver, Swede Risberg, Happy Felsch, Chick Gandil, Eddie Cicotte, Lefty Williams and Fred McMullin—had sold out to gamblers and thrown the championship.

Historians, when discussing this subject, often point out that these guilty players were blacklisted, banished from the sport for life and their records stricken from the books. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, we are told, was appointed the first commissioner of baseball to ensure that such a deplorable situation would not arise again.

The story is fascinating, but what even most experts don't realize is that it was not the first scandal to rock baseball. Some 43 years earlier, during the then infant National League's second year of existence, an equally infamous sell-out had taken place in Louisville.

As the 1877 season got under way, the National League was both morally and financially in trouble. Organized gambling had a tight grip on baseball. Although law-enforcement officials were no longer posting at the entrances to ball parks signs that read **NO GAME PLAYED BETWEEN THESE TWO TEAMS IS TO BE TRUSTED**, as they had often done before the league was formed, there was more than ample evidence to suggest that betting was as much a part of the game as balls and strikes. And while there had been eight teams the previous season, there were now only six: the New York Mutuals and Philadelphia Athletics, unable to raise funds for Western road trips, had been disenfranchised for failing to complete their previous year's schedules.

However, there were some bright spots. The National League had a strong and energetic president, William A. Hulbert, whose

The Tattletale Grays

Scandal soiled Louisville's nine long before the Black Sox affair

by BILL MOONEY

love for the game was balanced by a practical appreciation of sound economics. Hulbert realized that baseball, in order to survive, was going to have to make itself attractive to all elements of society. A dignified image was required, and anything detracting from it must be done away with.

What exactly did this mean? Well, for a start, Hulbert banned all alcoholic beverages from ball parks. None were to be carried in by the patrons, and none were to be sold at the concession stands. The league president was no temperance

fanatic himself, but he felt that the numerous complaints his office had received the preceding year concerning unruly drunks warranted action. "Ladies and children must be allowed to view the competition in a dignified atmosphere," Hulbert stated to his colleagues, and to this end the ban on alcohol was rigidly enforced.

But professional gambling was Hulbert's biggest problem. He knew there was nothing he could do about daily baseball pools in such places as Hoboken, N.J., but he was determined to use all his power to eliminate wagering of any other sort on games. Betting booths at entrance gates and the hawking of odds by bookies in the stands, once prevalent, were prohibited. "Ballplayers are to stay clear of anyone known to be tied in with gambling circles," was Hulbert's edict. "Such practices only detract from the magnificence of our teams."

The most magnificent of the teams Hulbert spoke of was Louisville. Throughout the early summer months of 1877 the Louisville Grays had made a shambles of the opposition. Led by captain and outfielder George Hall and Jim Devlin, a talented pitcher, the club had built up a solid 3½-game lead by Aug. 13. The schedule called for only 50 games in those days, and with most of the season gone Louisville had consistently been playing close to .700 ball.

As the Grays embarked upon their final Eastern road trip of the season, the club needed to win only half of its remaining 12 games in order to clinch the championship. Losses to Harry Wright's Boston Red Stockings and the Hartford Dark Blues in the first two of those games were considered minor setbacks. The Kentucky team still led by a comfortable margin over the rest of the league. But Louisville continued to lose. On Aug. 21 Hartford dealt the Grays their first shutout of the year, 7-0. Two days later the same teams played to an 11-inning, 1-1 tie.

Suspensions were aroused. It was well known that Hartford had been the favorite in the Hoboken pool for each game, a most unusu-



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al circumstance when a third-place team plays the one on top. The Grays then journeyed to Boston again, where they dropped a 3-2 decision on Aug. 25. Louisville's lead was thereby reduced to one game. And when the Red Stockings swept the final two games of the series, by scores of 6-0 and 4-3, the Grays fell out of first place. Back they went to the Union Grounds in Brooklyn for two more games with Hartford.

By this time, some wheels were beginning to turn. On the morning of Aug. 31 Grays Vice-President Charles E. Chase was eating breakfast at home when a telegram arrived from Hoboken. Who the sender was has never been determined, but the message stated that Hartford was again mysteriously favored, 30 to 20, in the local pools, and that something was clearly wrong with the Louisville players. Chase apparently figured the wire was the work of a crank and disregarded it, but later in the day, when the news reached him that his team had lost 6-3, he felt compelled to send his own wire to Manager Jack Chapman.

Chase wasn't so much concerned with the loss as he was with a substitution that had been made. Why, he wanted to know, had Al Nichols been playing in place of the regular third baseman, Bill Hague? Chapman's reply said that captain George Hall had requested the change. Nichols had been raised in Brooklyn, and Hall had thoughtfully expressed a wish that he appear before the hometown fans.

The answer seemed reasonable to Chase, but only temporarily. The following morning another anonymous telegram arrived at his doorstep stating, among other things, that the game for that day "was to be crooked and Louisville to lose." With Nichols, Hall and Devlin making numerous errors, that is exactly what happened. That evening Chase, now genuinely worried, wired Chapman that Nichols was not to be used in any more games.

The Grays closed out their dismal road trip by losing twice to the last-place Cincinnati Reds, 1-0 and 6-2. Limping home, dragging nine official defeats and several losses to such non-league scrub clubs as Indianapolis and Pittsburgh, the team was in a state of ruin. The championship was gone, as was the confidence of the general public.

Something was definitely rotten in Louisville, and everybody knew it. John A. Haldeman, a reporter for the *Louisville Courier-Journal* who was often an official scorer and was a fine amateur ballplayer in his own right, had gone so far as to accuse Hall and Devlin directly of chicanery. Hulbert sent a wire to Chase ordering him to launch an immediate investigation.

Chase needed no further prompting. Summoning Hall and Devlin to his office, he informed the two players of his and Hulbert's suspicions. Neither was willing to admit the whole truth, but Devlin did go so far as to concede that he had "performed carelessly against outside clubs." Chase wired this information to Hulbert, who in turn urged that he close in on the case.

The ultimate confrontation was not long in coming. On the evening of Oct. 4 Chase summoned the entire team to appear before the Grays' board of directors and himself. Mincing no words, he demanded that each man sign an order directing the Western Union Telegraph Company to turn over duplicates of every telegram sent or received by Louisville players during the 1877 season. "If you don't," warned Chase, "it will be considered an admission of guilt. I will suspend you from the club, and request Mr. Hulbert to expel you from the league."

The jig was up. Only Shortstop Bill Craver offered any resistance, for which he found himself immediately suspended. Everyone else gave in to the ultimatum, and when Chase went over the telegrams with Hulbert, the evidence was irrefutable. Three players—Devlin, Hall and Nichols—had sold out to the fixers and thrown games. For their efforts—and the lack of them—they had received sums of money totaling no more than \$300, though apparently they had made a few extra dollars by placing personal wagers against their own team.

Much to everyone's surprise, no added evidence could be found to further implicate Craver in the shady deal. Whether he was guilty or only an inadvertent is still open to conjecture. Whatever the case, the moody and sometimes irascible player received the full penalty. On Oct. 30 he and his three maverick teammates were expelled by Hulbert for life.

The repercussions were severe. The Louisville franchise was forced out of the league, ending that city's involvement in organized baseball until 1892. Many friends and relatives of the four banished ballplayers besieged the league president's office, petitioning for their reinstatement. But Hulbert was resolute; the expulsions would not be lifted.

There is a postscript to this story concerning an incident that took place in Hulbert's office some years later and which, in retrospect, seems to put the finishing touches on the tale. As recounted by the late player and historian Albert Spalding, who witnessed the little drama, Hulbert was sitting at his desk one cold winter's day when suddenly the door was pushed open and in came a shivering, sobbing wreck of a man. Hatless, coatless and obviously underfed, the fellow appeared to be, in Spalding's words, "the picture of abject misery."

It was Devlin. Dropping to his knees and assuming a posture of humility and despair, he begged Hulbert to remove the awful stigma from his name. "It is not on my account," the fearful Devlin entreated his onetime friend, "but for the sake of my wife and family."

Hulbert was moved. Reaching into his pocket, he drew out a \$50 bill and pressed it into the palm of the distraught expulser. "That's what I think of you personally," he said to Devlin. "But damn you, you are dishonest. You have sold a game, and I can't trust you. Now go and never let me see your face again, for your act will not be condoned so long as I live."

One can only speculate as to what went through Hulbert's mind as Devlin stumbled out of his office into oblivion. Probably he felt some remorse. He was by nature a gentle and kindly man, with a distaste for harshness, but his actions in this case had helped to save the game of baseball. He had accomplished what many had said was impossible: maintained the integrity of the sport by persistent exercise of administrative discipline.

Forty-three years were to elapse before that integrity would again be threatened, although the saving grace then would be not so much the firmness of a league president as the charismatic exploits of a left-handed pitcher-turned-slugger by the name of Ruth.

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